MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.



"at lawst the cabby gits alongside ~"
Chapter III

THE WAYFARER'S LIBRARY

DE OMNIBUS

By the Conductor

Barry Pain

LONDON & TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd.

CONTENTS

A

First issue of this Edition, 1914.
Reprinted, 1919.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WOMAN THE OBSCURE

DE OMNIBUS

WOMAN THE OBSCURE

I DON'T unnerstand femiles.

The other dye I 'appened ter pick up a extry 'alf-thick-un throo puttin' money on my opinyun of the Gran' Neshnal. Well, nar, the fancy tikin' me, I drops in on a plice as were a cut above whart I patterinizes as a yooshal thing. As I sye, I were a-goin' ter enjy myself, so I orders my steak, cut thick, underdone, and a bit o' fat to it, an' my pint o' Burton, sime as if I'd bin the Lord Meer 'isself. Then I tikes a look rarnd. Theer were two femiles, as 'ed jest done. They were settin' doin' nutthink. Theer were a witer oppersite ter them, close enough ter 'ave bit 'em, and 'e weren't doin' nutthink neither. Pressintly a gint calls 'im an' orf 'e goes. The momint 'e stawts ter wite on summun else they both of 'em 'ollers

art 'Witer!' as if they 'adn't a second ter speer. Pressintly 'e comes. One of 'em says, 'Give me the bill, witer.' 'E pulls 'is shoulders up ter wheer an Hinglishman would wear 'is 'at, and begins ter mike art theer bill.

'Tew breads an' tew butters,' 'e says.

'Nutthink o' the sort,' says the femile. 'It's tew butters an' one bread.' 'E orlters it an' 'ands 'er the bill.

'Oh, you silly man,' she syes. 'I wants tew bills. My lyedy-friend 'ere pyes fur 'er own.' So 'e shrugs up 'is shoulders agin till 'e pretty nigh fetches the roof orf the restyrornt, an' mikes art tew bills instead.

'Look 'ere,' syes one o' the femiles, 'yer've chawged me a jinte, an' I never 'ad no jinte.'

'Yes,' says the other, 'an' yer've chawged me a ongtry, and I never 'ad no ongtry.'

'Eet is all the sime,' said the witer; 'one 'ad jinte an' one 'ad ongtry, an' both is the same price, and I do not remember which 'ad 'oo.'

'Very well,' said one of the femiles, 'then we must exchinge bills.'

An' even then they weren't 'appy.

'Look 'ere,' says one of 'em, 'yer've chawged me a butter which I never 'ad, an' yer 'aven't chawged me fur bread.'

'Mine's wrong too,' says the other femile, 'because 'e's chawged me fur a bread as I never 'ad, an' no butter, as is right.'

Thet pore forrin witer 'e sorter tied 'is eye-brars in a knot tryin' ter unnerstan' it. 'Yer tell me one bread, two butters,' 'e says.

'Yus,' says she, 'but I meant ter sye tew breads and one butter, an' anywye yer ought ter know withart tellin', an' I never 'ad neither.'

'Ah,' said that witer, 'I see. Yer 'ad tew breads an' one butter, at least yer friend 'ad.' Then 'e orlters them tew bills agin, an' gits 'em wus nor they was afore. 'E tears up both bills and stawts fresh. Arter about three tries 'e gort both bills mide up seppyrit so as ter soot 'em, an' as soon as 'e'd done that, one o' the lyedies pulls art 'er purse and says that arter all she'll pye fur both, because she owes the other 'alf-a-crown, an' the other's bill bein'



two an' nine if the other pyes 'er sixpence thet'll be right, because six an' three is nine.

'Well, that witer went horf, perspirin' freely, an' a-yoosin' Italyun langwidge, with a 'ipeny fur 'isself. Then them two femiles stawted another discusshing as to which owed the other. What? No, I didn't storp ter see the finish. When I left one of 'em was eleven-an'-fippence to the good an' accoosin' the other of swindlin' 'er, an' the other were saying: 'If I tikes back the shillin' an' the penny stamp as I gives yer,

an' then 'ands yer the difference atween whort you've pide an' whort I pide yesterday, then you'll owe me twopence, an' I'm sorry I ever mide a friend of yer.' Well, as I says, I don't unnerstan' femiles.

If I 'as ter 'ave a unpleasantness, I'd sooner 'ave it with a man nor I would with a woman. In dealin' with a woman, yer don't keer ter sye whort yer think—at least, nort ter egspress it the wye yer otherwise would. I 'ad a beauty on my 'bus the other dye. Yer know, on some o' the rowtes they'd bin givin' awye sawmples o' cocoa on the 'buses. So, in course, ev'ry woman 'ad gort ter jump ter the cornclooshun that them sawmples was give awye every dye, an' on every 'bus. Thet's whort were the matter with my beauty. She storped the 'bus, and went on top. In doo course, I goes up ter tike 'er money and give 'er 'er ticket.

'Oh, you are actin' dishonest!' says she.

'Whort are yer suff'rin' from?' says I.

'Why,' she says, 'you know very well, and it's no good tryin' ter deceive me. Wheer's my cocoa?'

'Dunno,' says I. 'But whartever you've done it on, you ain't done it on cocoa.' I need 'awdly sye as thet sawcawstic remawk were lost on 'er.

'I've 'eard all abart it,' she says. 'Yer've gort ter give me a sawmple tin o' cocoa, and if I agrees ter tike it, then I can travel on your 'bus withart pyin'.'

'Thet's nearly right,' I says, 'but it ain't quite right. Whort they gives awye is a parnd o' tea, a copy o' the *D'ily Telegrawf*, an' a fust-clawss free passidge ter Noo York. Only it ain't done on this 'bus—it's some other 'bus.'

'Ho, well,' says she; 'then, I'm on the wrong 'bus, and I'm goin' ter git orf.'

'Thet yer can do,' says I, 'as soon as yer've pide yer fare.'

'Why,' she awnswers me, 'yer don't 'ave ter pye when yer git on the wrong 'bus.'

''Tain't the 'bus is wrong,' I says. 'It's you as is wrong. If you 'adn't travelled no more'n 'arf a hinch by this 'bus, I'd still 'ave mide yer pye.' An' so I did. When I ketches

these women doin' of it on the cheap, an' on the little bit too cheap, it's a jy and a pleasure ter me ter spile their gime if I can. But, as I said afore, you're 'ampered; you cawn't, if you 'as delikit feelin's like myself, yoose the sime richness o' lengwidge in speakin' ter a woman as in speakin' ter a man.

Yuss, a chep don't keer ter be anywye rough with a woman. Why, even ole Ike 'as thet feelin', and 'e's a pretty awd kise, too. I remember once as ole Ike went ter Madame Tersord's Wax-wux one Bengk-'ol'd'y. Now, 'e 'as a 'itred of bein' took in, 'as Ike. So 'e mide a foo ingquiries before'and. They told 'im as at the entrance ter the grite 'all there was a woman settin' on each side, with a tible in front of 'er, sellin' programmes, an' catalorgs, an' such. One of them women was real, and one was a wax dummy, put theer fur the joke, and 'e was ter be keerful as 'e didn't mike a fool of 'isself. I dunno 'ow it come abart, but 'e confoosed 'is mind as ter which tible 'ad the real woman in front of it. 'E walked up ter the woman as 'e thought were wax, picked up a

'andful o' catalorgs, an' slapped 'er 'ead with 'em, syin': 'If you ain't keerful, summun 'ull be runnin' awye with these.' When she sit up an' told 'im as 'e oughter be ashimed of 'isself, and if *'e* weren't keerful she'd turn 'im art, yer never seed a man more took back than Ike was. It mye surprise yer ter 'ear it, but it's a fac', as 'e told me arterwuds 'e wished 'e 'adn't mide thet mistike. 'E said, and it were a unyooshal admission fur a man like 'im ter mike, that if she 'ad 'appened to 'ave awst 'im ter apolergize, 'e'd 'ave done it.

. . . . . .

It's amizin' the wye some women don' sim ter know whort is their business an' whort ain't. The other dye I 'ad a ole lyedy on my 'bus as were that sort—warnted ter know hev'rythink abart hev'rythink, she did.

'And 'ow much do they give yer a week, my man?' she awsks me.

'Three-an'-six,' says I.

'Whart?' says she, 'is that horl you gits?'

'Ho, no!' says I. 'In course, we 'as whort we steals.'

'Dear, dear!' says she, 'nar I'd alwise 'eard as the 'bus-cornducters robbed the comp'ny. And whort's it come to haltergither?'

'Comes to ten parnds a week,' says I, 'but then it don't go on fur long. Arter a few months we gits worn art.'

'Worn art?' she says. 'What with?'

'With awnserin' folks questshings abart things as don't concern 'em, ma'am.'

Well, that did freeze 'er off fur a bit, but, bless yer, she were soon at it agin! She were one o' them born hinterferers thet ain't ter be storped so easy. She left me alone, though. Theer were a gent sittin' oppersite 'er as she tackled next, an' I felt sorry fur 'im. She awsked 'im wheer 'e'd come from, wheer 'e were goin' to, and whart 'e were doin' it fur. She told 'im 'is necktie weren't strite and thet 'e were foolish to 'ave come art withart a humbereller. She mide 'im confess that 'e'd a awnt in an asylum, and that 'e wore false teeth 'isself. She mide 'im tell 'er ev'rythink as 'e most perticlar didn't wornt ter menshing.

Nar and agin 'e'd try ter git awye from 'er and go on readin' 'is noosepiper, but she wouldn't let 'im be. I seed 'im gittin' more and more restless under it, and at the same time too perlite ter give 'er whart she derserved fur 'er cheek. Lawst of all 'e 'eaved a sigh of despeer and jumped off the 'bus—with a threepenny tickit and 'im not ridden twopennuth of it. Thet 'avin' left 'er with no one ter worry, she storps the 'bus an' gits art. When I lawst saw 'er she were talkin' ter the copper at the corner. In course she mye 'ave bin awstin' 'im 'er wye, but it's more likely as she were engquierin' whort 'e'd 'ad fur dinner the Sunday before and mikin' 'im tell 'er too. She were that sort o' woman.

I'm yused ter the femiles as keeps on awskin' questshings, but the femile as keeps on givin' of yer awnsers when yer ain't awst 'er nutthink —I dunno as she ain't wuss.

'I'd like a word with yer,' says one o' thet sort ter me, 'when you've done givin' art them their tickets.'

'Yer can go on,' I says.



'She would'nt let him be'

B

'The way in which the inside o' these 'buses is up'olstered is very foolish,' she says.

'I've bin brikin' my 'eart over it fur years,' says I.

'Don't yer see that stuff with a surface like thet must catch all the dust and dirt? I'm ashimed ter sit on it.'

'Pussonally,' I says, 'I stands. I gits art of it thet wye.'

'Whart yer warnt in a Lunnun 'bus,' says she, 'is detachable cushions, with removable and washable covers to 'em, and a smooth, shiney surface on 'em as wouldn't 'old the dirt.'

'If yer'll sye thet agin slow, I'll write it darn and 'and it inter my boss when I gits beck ter the yawd ter-night. But it won't be much yoose talkin' to 'im. Yer see, when childring brikes their necks in this 'bus, the comp'ny 'as ter cormpensite, as is only feer.'

'Whort's thet gort ter do with it?' says she.

'This wye,' says I. 'When yer sets childring on a smooth surfice in a jerky 'bus, they slides orf an' brikes their necks on the floor. We tried it and we 'ad cormplintes.'

'Indeed!' says she.

'Yer can bet yer life on it,' says I. 'Then we tried 'ar present style which bein' like velvit, or thereabarts, 'olds the child's clothin' so as it cawn't slip. Put a child on one o' these 'ere seats an' the only wye it can be moved is fur its mother ter lift it in a hupward direckshing. We 'ad this style invented a-puppus.'

'Nar I never 'eard that afore,' says she, and I dessay as she never did.

Well, yer might 'ave thought as thet would 'ave bin enough fur 'er, but it warn't. These 'ere clever people knows such a lot, thet they cawn't 'old it—'as ter give some of it awye.

'Dew yew know,' says she, 'I've invented a little plan thet shud be of interest ter you cornducters. It does awye with the posserbility of any dishonesty, and so puts all temptition awye from yer.'

'Yuss,' says I, 'we suffers from temptition —suffers crool—but it ain't ter dishonesty.'

'You mean as it's more in the direction of intemp'rance.'

'No, I don't,' says I, 'it's in the direction o'

murder, coupled with the yoose of improper lengwidge.'

'Oh, you're jokin'!' says she.

'Well,' says I, 'talk like this mikes a man feel friverlus, don't it?'

No, I don't unnerstand women.

One o' the awticles o' their berlief is that anythink as 'appens on a 'bus is the fault of the cornducter. A lyedy gits inter a white Putney, with Putney marked all over it, and the cornducter shoutin' Putney fit ter kill 'isself. She pyes 'er money, awsks no quest-shings, sits there till she gits ter the end of the rowte, an' then she says, 'This ain't Kilbu'n. And why couldn't yer sye it wasn't a Kilbu'n when I got in?' Ho yus; we're yoosed to it. Whortever 'appens, we 'as gort ter be blimed fur it. Nar once or twice there's bin a pocket picked on my 'bus, the seats on 'buses bein' arringed perticler 'andy fur pocket-pickin'. It cawn't allus be 'elped. Of course I keep my eyes hopun, an' when I think any man's a wrong un 'e don't git much of a chawnce on my 'bus. 'Arrever, them pickpockets is that

bloomin' artful, that nar and then there's no spottin' of 'em. The other dye as I were stannin' on the 'bus I feels a umberreller poke me in the back o' the neck. I looks rarnd, and there were a egsited old femile comin' down off of the top, and shriekin', 'Storp the 'bus! my purse 'as bin stole.' Well, I storps the 'bus There was three men on the top of the 'bus, besides this old femile, an' she accoosed ev'ry blessid one of 'em to 'is fice of 'avin' stole that purse. Then she turned rarnd an' said as it was my fault fur lettin' pickpockets git onter the 'bus, an' likely they pide me fur lettin' 'em, and 'ow was she ter know I 'adn't took the purse myself. Hup comes a copper, an' she awsts 'im whort 'e was there for if lyedies was ter 'ave their purses stole. 'E outs with 'is note-book an' tikes darn everythink—numbers, an' nimes, an' addresses, an' the colour o' the 'orses, 'Evving knows what 'e didn't tike darn. Arter abart five minnits we stawts off agin, an' the crard clears awye. We 'adn't gorn a 'undrid yawds afore that bloomin' umberreller comes a-bangin' me in the neck agin. 'Well,

ma'rm,' I says pyshuntly, 'and whort 'ave yer had stole this time?'

'Ho,' she says, 'I've found my purse. Leastwise, I've just remembered as I didn't bring it with me, on'y just tikin' the coppers fur the 'bus. What a silly child I am! But why didn't yer remember that I never 'ad no purse when I pide yer?'

I never awnseered her a word. I give 'er one look o' corntempt, turned my back on 'er, spat inter the road, an' began ter whistle. If anythink 'ull teach a man pyshunce an' perliteness under tryin' succumstances, it is bein' corndúcter of a 'bus.

. . . . . .

Occishernally, are 'as recourse ter a little gentle sawcassim. I remembers tryin' thet on with one o' them Sunday-art young lyedies. The wye the gals gits theirselves up naradyes is a thing as feerly beats me. Yer git a pline ornery gal as is mikin' ten parnd a year and 'er keep as a up-an'-darn, and then look at 'er on 'er Sunday art when she's gittin' on ter the

'bus aginst the Mawble Awch. Ho, most astonishin', it is! As fur as clothes go, an' colours, an' style, she'd mike the Hempriss o' China shut it darn an' give up dressin' in despeer. Well, I ain't one ter interfere in another man's business. When 'Ankin comes at me, an' awsts me if the 'igh-'anded conduc' of the Governmint isn't mikin' my blood bile, I tells 'im as it ain't, cos I don't see as my blood's gort anythink ter do with the Governmint nor as the Governmint's gort anythink ter do with my blood. As I sye, I ain't one as hinterferes, an' if some twop'ny-'ipeny gal likes ter wear all the money she can borrer, it ain't nutthink ter me, and I'm sure I 'opes as it's a treat to 'er. But 'aughtiness is a thing as I cawn't stand from thet sort; an' I've noticed that gals as 'ull be'ive theirselves in the ornery wye, as soon as ever they've dressed theirselves up, runs ter 'aughtiness. Wheer's the sense? I knows whart I am, an' I knows whart they is. They can dress theirselves until they're bleck in the fice, and they don't tike me in. So his it likely as I shud allar the

likes o' them ter come a-tramplin' on the likes o' me? Stands ter reasing, it ain't.

Nar one Sunday night one o' thet sort 'ails the 'bus. We slowed darn, and might per'aps 'ave bin goin' one hinch a hower. But thet wouldn't do fur 'er, though she cud 'ave gort in as easy as kissin' the beck o' yer 'and; and theer was me a-stannin' with my awm art, ready ter scoop 'er in so as she couldn't 'urt 'erself. Ho, no! Nort good enough fur 'er lyedyship, thet ain't. 'When you've storped thet 'bus,' she says, 'I'll git in, an' nort afore.' 'Umbly and pyshintly I storps the 'bus, and she gits in. She sits darn, and sticks art 'er penny. ''Ere, tike it,' she says.

'Thenk you, miss; I'll tike it when I comes rarnd fur the feers, an' nort afore'—thereby ekkerin' 'er own wuds, and givin' 'er a nawsty one.

So, more ter annoy me nor anythink else, she says, 'This 'ere 'bus do go slow. Cawn't yer run up an' awst the driver to mike the 'orses go a bit fawster?'

'No,' I says, 'I dunno as I can. But if

you're in a 'urry to git them clothes put back in the drors afore yer missus comes 'ome an' finds as you've borrered them, I'll be very 'appy to call yer a cab.' Ho, she didn't 'awf like it, I can tell yer! She 'adn't gort nutthink to sye—leastwise, nutthink as was anythink. In course, she begun ter aboose me, but I soon put a stopper on thet. I told 'er as I never 'ad allard no langwidge on my 'bus, and I worn't goin' ter begin on 'er accarnt. She cud either shut 'er 'ead or git orf the 'bus.

No, I don't warnt to be rood, and I 'ites bein' rood. Yer cawn't find a quieter-tempered, more civil chap nor I am when treated right. But when people as ain't no better nor you starts a-lording of it over yer, theer's no sort o' sense in giving 'em a treat at your egspense by lettin' 'em do it. If it shud 'appen ter be a man, yer gives it 'im strite in 'is pline nitive tongue. If it shud 'appen ter be a femile, then yer tries sawcassim.

'Ere's another kise.

I was comin' darn the street, pawsin' a frooter's shop, when hall of a suddink a grite

lump o' pips and mildew (whort 'ad bin a horringe in its brighter, 'appier dyes) comes a-flyin' through the air an' busts itself on the side of my fice. Fortshnitly I ain't whort yer'd call a passhernit man. I just looks inside the shop, an' sees the woman whort 'ad chucked it. So I says sawcawstic: 'Was that you, ma'am, a-distributin' of your gritis green-groc'ry?'

'Oh, lor!' she says, 'yer don't mean to sye that one 'it yer?'

'Yes,' I says, 'such is the fac's of the kise.'

'Ho, well,' says she, 'I were just settin' 'ere a-sortin' art the bad uns, and I see no one comin' pawst. I meant ter chuck it inter the gutter. I didn't ime it at yer; I'm sure I didn't.'

'No,' says I, 'yer didn't. That's whort I complines of. Next time you go 'eavin' one of them lumps o' diseased mawmerlide art of your shop, I'd tike it as a pussonal fiver if you'd ime it at me. Then yer wouldn't 'it me.' Well, nar, that mide 'er regler angry. She picked up another of the decyde uns an' awsts

me if I'd like to give 'er a chawnce ter teach me better. Out o' bravawdo, I says, 'All right, chuck.' I was standin' in the doorway, an' she chucked 'ard. It missed me and 'it a young copper stannin' artside full in the eye-ball. It give me a 'awty lawf, thet did. And 'ere is jest one more hinstance o' the sime, wheer I'd 'ad enough ter make a cow satirical.

I'm the cornducter of a 'bus, thet's whort I am. Sims feerly simple, don't it? Anywye, I never 'as no trouble in understandin' of it myself. I knows whort I'm pide ter do, an' I does it. But theer sims ter be some folks abart as thinks the cornducter of a 'bus is a crorst between a gineral servunt with no wiges, a yooniversil ingquiry orfice, and a gritis luggidge porter. Yuss, I'm a pytient man, I am, and I'm jest abart as willin' ter oblige anyone else as anyone else is ter oblige me, but theer do come a pint wheer 'uman nychur drors the line, so ter speak. Nar the dye before yes'day I gort just a few too many of thet sort o' folk ter which I illudes; they come in a lump. Fust of all it was a ole lyedy as farnd she wornted a pin,

and awst me if I cud lend 'er one. I drord a pin from my wescut and 'anded it 'er with a perlite smile. Then a gent awst me if I cud tell 'im whart the time was. Theer were tew public clocks a-'angin' up right afore 'is eyes, reg'lar bitin' of 'im; but I surpose that it were cheaper ter bother me than ter look fur 'isself. I told 'im whart the time was. Perlite smiles was horf, but I told 'im, an' gort no thanks fur it. Then a boy storpt the 'bus to ingquire if it were goin' wheer 'e cud see fur 'isself it wasn't, and 'ad I gort a bit o' string abart me? I were jest recoverin' from thet when another ole lyedy fawstened on me. Whart she warnted, I fancy, was a hower's quiet cornvysytion, and she picked me art fur the treat 'cos I come 'andiest. She began by ingquierin' if I cud tell 'er 'ow many stamps she 'ad ter put on some bloomin' onvylup she 'ad in 'er 'and. And yet I kep' my temper with 'er. 'Arrever, I knowed as the next of 'em wud git an expresshing of opinyun art of me. The next were a young lyedy. She were bootiful, she were narcely dressed, and I dessay she were good; but she

were jest the sort o' fool whort gits on my nerves. She says, with one o' them silly lawfs, 'Ho, could yer tell me, Mister Cornducter, if your 'orses ever 'as the fur come off? '

'I don't 'appen ter 'ave no 'orses,' I awnsered.

'I mean the 'orses in the 'bus,' she says.

'Ho,' says I, 'well, they ain't mine; they're the proputty o' the comp'ny.'

'And does their fur ever come orf? '

'No, it don't,' I says, ''cos they ain't gort no fur; 'orses 'as 'air. 'Ence the word 'orse-'air.'

'And whort wud yer do if their 'air come orf? ' she awsts.

'Shouldn't do nutthink,' I says. 'Nort if it come orf badly? ' says she. 'No,' says I, 'nort if they went as bald as the beck of my 'and, 'cos it wouldn't be no business o' mine.'

'I'm sorry ter 'ear thet,' she says, 'becos I wornted ter awst yer abart a kitting o' mine as—' 'Thet'll do, miss,' I interrup's 'er, 'thet'll do. I've bin mistook fur a string-box and a post-orffice, and a lyedy's tilet-companying,

and a foo other things already, this mornin', but, blimey, if I'm goin' ter be mistook fur a 'orspital fur diseased cats! No, theer is a limit, and yer 'as yer foot on it.'

'Ho, you awe disagreeble!' she says.

Ain't they wunnerful creatures! And when it's a questshing o' mikin' a bit they can 'old their own with any man.

One dye a chap give me a small furrin' coin, 'avin' the look o' silver, which it weren't, and not onlike the ornery sixpence. It 'ad a 'ole in it, and that gave me a hideer. I put a tack through the 'ole, and fawstened thet coin darn ter the floor of the 'bus. And nar, thinks I to myself, we shall see what we shall see. Fust a ole gent gits in, cawsts one glawnce at the coin, and then looks ararnd, innercent-like, and begins 'ummin' ter 'isself. Then he puts 'is eye on me, and I didn't appear ter be tikin' no notice of 'im. Slowly 'e slides 'is 'oof over thet coin, and stoops darn ter fawsten up 'is boot-lice. I sees 'im fumblin' awye theer, tryin' ter git thet coin up; then 'e chucks it, and sets up agen. A moment arter 'e gort art,

and afore I'd done lawfin two ole lyedies come in. Both of 'em sees the coin, and nudges each other. Presently one of 'em stoops darn ter pick it up. I storps 'er. 'Egscoose me, ma'am,' I says, 'but whort are yer doin'?'

'Picking up a sixpence I dropped just now,' says she, as bold as brass.

'Beg pardon,' says I. 'Are yer sure thet's it?'

'In course I am,' says she.

'I seed 'er drop it myself,' says the other lyedy, 'and I seed it roll there. So don't you try and pretend it's yours, Mister Corndducter.'

'Suttingly not,' says I. 'If it's the lyedy's let 'er pick it up. I only awst because I 'adn't seed 'er drop nutthink.'

Then she tries ter pick it up, and the gime begins. 'It must 'ave gort caught in sutthink,' she says.

'Yes,' says I; 'it's caught in a tin-tack 'ammered through the middle of it. Likely you dropped the 'ammer and tack sime time

you dropped the sixpence—on'y if you look at it, you'll see as it ain't a sixpence. Shall I storp the 'bus fur yer, ma'am, and send fur a pair o' pincers ter pull it up with? If it's your propputy, it's a pity ter leave it be'ind, yer know.' Them ole lyedies gawsped, I can tell yer.

'Very well,' says one o' them, 'we reports you fur inserlence.'

'Report awye,' says I.

'And this is the lawst time we ever rides in this 'bus,' says the other.

'Well, that's a 'eavy blow fur the comp'ny,' says I. 'But, 'arrever, theer is jest a foo people in Lunnun besides yerselves, and I dessay we shall be ible to scratch along some'ow withart yer pattrynidge.'

Well, ter think of it — two respeckerble-lookin' nicely-dressed ole lyedies and both of 'em lyin' like troopers for the sike o' thrupence each!

Fur enliv'nin' of the tejum o' the dye's work, I dunno as I ever farnd anythink do better than thet coin niled to the floor o' the 'bus.

But arter a 'alf hower of it, I pulled it up. Thinks I ter myself, a little more o' this and I shouldn't trust my own mother with twopence to fetch me 'arf - a - pint on my dying bed.

. . . . . .

I mind one dye as we were stan'in' at the Succus a lydy with a dorg worntid to git intir the 'bus.

' 'E's quite 'awmless,' she said. At that moment 'er dorg nips 'old of my leg. ' That's only 'is plye,' she says.

' That's all right, ma'am,' I remawks, as I kicks the dorg darn an adjinin' street. ' An' sim'lar, that's just my bloomin' light-'awtedness. And I 'ope 'e mye tike it as it's meant.'

She wornted ter corntinny the awgyment, an' so did 'er dorg, but we moved on. Them coppers dislikes loit'rin'.

. . . . . .

But don't surpose as I warnt ter mike an

attack on the fair sect. By no means; if it warn't fur them we shouldn't be 'ere. They is good and bad—sime as the men is, an' the only diff'runce is thet women is 'awder ter unnerstand. Netshrally it's the wust of 'em as sticks most in yer mem'ry.

‘IKE’



Ike is a 'ot un. 'E's a chap as 'as bin in many occypitions. 'E's drove a 'bus. 'E's drove a keb. 'E's bin clawk ter a bookey. 'E's dropped so low that one 'awd winter 'e took a dye at puttin' on skites fur people. Yer see, 'e'd bin misforchernit. 'Is 'bus 'ad bin ricin' another 'bus, and the other 'bus 'ad knocked a 'ansom keb all ter pulp, which led ter ing-quiries, and throwed ole Ike art of work for a bit. Well, as I sye, 'e took a dye at puttin' on skites. I met 'im arterwuds. 'E'd lorst 'is gimlick, but as 'e'd pinched it ter stawt with thet didn't carnt fur much. 'E'd cut both 'ands on a shawp skite-blide, but thet 'ad meant a bob fur compensition. 'E'd got the

rhoomatism crool, thro' stannin' abart in the cold. 'E'd got 'arf-a-crarn left art of whart 'e 'ad mide, and a sible muff as 'e said 'e were tikin' keer of fur a lyedy. 'E'd gort as near drunk as no matter, and were goin' ter finish it horf. And when I left 'im 'e looked as likely ter git fourteen dyes as ever I seed a man. 'E says nar as 'e'll never try it agin. The temptitions terwards injoodishusness in the matter of ole rum is grite enough durin' the winter seasing withart settin' up a chill by puttin' on skites.

Yes, Ike 'as occishanally in the drivin' of 'is 'bus gorn beyond whort he ought ter go. I'm a man as sticks up fur a man as fur as it can be done, but I must sye as Ike 'as nar and then give the coppers their chawnce. They may 'ave bin in the right sometimes, consequently they 'as a predyjice agin Ike, and nar they kips a eye on 'im and 'as 'im whartever 'e does. If 'e were to set on a bloomin' monnymunt, planted six foot deep, they'd pull 'im fur drivin' of it wanton. If 'e could 'ave lived and learned 'e'd 'ave dropped it afore 'e gort 'isself

a nime fur sich conduc'. It ain't a good thing ter git yerself a nime fur anythink. If yer 'as a nime fur doin' whort yer oughtn't, yer gets dropped on even when you're doin' what yer ought, and if yer 'as a nime for doin' whort yer ought, too much is egspectid of yer.

One time 'e drove fur a corntracter, but 'e was 'awdly on ter the job afore 'e was orf it agen—'ad ter chuck it 'isself though there were good money in it. Yer see, 'avin' bin idle some time, 'e 'ad gort a month or so be'ind with 'is rent, and the young man as collected said as they'd sell 'im up, and fire 'im inter the street.

' Well,' says ole Ike, ' yer kin do thet, if yer like, but you'd be foolish, fur I've bin art of wuk, but I'm on a jorb nar, and a good pyin' jorb tew.'

' Are yer? ' says thet young collectin' chap, smawt-like; ' gled ter 'ear it, I'm shaw. And wheer might be? '

Nar, theer's nutthink as angers a man whart's a reg'lar liar more than nort bein' berlieved on one o' them foo occisions when 'e 'appens ter be tellin' the trooth. Ole Ike 'ad really gort

thet jorb, and this dartin' of 'is wud it annyed 'im. But 'e didn't show as 'e was put art. 'E says, 'I'm took on a extry 'and furnichur-removin'.' And 'e give the chap the nime o' the firm, and told 'im ter go and awsk if it worn't true. So the chap did go, and they told 'im as it were all right. 'Very well,' thinks Ike, 'nar you'll git yerself 'urt fur nort ber-lievin' of me.' 'E gits told as nex' mornin' 'e's ter tike a big Pentechnikin van and a pair o' 'orses right up ter the north o' London ter do a removal. Ike goes strite off on a 'bus, looks 'isself art a little plice, and says as 'e'll move in early next mornin'; so when he took the van art o' the yawd, instead o' goin' strite up north, 'e fust of all goes ter the 'ouse wheer 'e were livin', and runs all 'is bits o' sticks inter the van. Then 'e drives off as cawm as pos-serble, and meets thet young collectin' chap comin' darn the road. Thet chap didn't suspec' nutthink. When a pore man's goin' ter do a moonlight flit 'e don't do it in broad dyelight, and 'e don't do it with one o' them swell vans and a pair o' fat 'orses, and tew other men ter

help. ’E just wites fur a dawk night, and gits a little lonely cawt, and loads it up ’isself. And thet chap knew it; so he just pawsed a good-mornin’ ter Ike, and went on. In course, Ike ’ad give them two men as were with ’im the office, and a promise of a pot or so when the jorb were done, and so they weren’t goin’ ter sye nutthink. Ike just storped at ’is noo plice, and dropped ’is bits o’ furnichur, and then ’e goes on ter the removin’ jorb as ’e were doin’ fur the firm. ’E shot the moon feerly successful, ’e did, and nutthink ter pye—yoose of a van and a pair of ’orses all free gritis.

But ’e ’ad the sense ter find ’isself another jorb, and nort go back ter that removin’ firm agen. ’E wasn’t goin’ ter be nowheer wheer that young chap could come moochin’ rarnd ter find art ’is address. ’E’s a cunnin’ ole bird, when ’e’s sober, is Ike.

And when ’e were at keb work ’e ’ad a cunnin’ ole ’orse of ’is own too. This is Ike’s story abart that ’orse.

’E an’ ’is keb were crawlin’ along the Strand. Ole Ike ’e ’ad ’is skin-ful, and were wise enough

ter mean to let the 'orse tike 'im 'ome quiet. I remembers thet 'orse. It were old, but theer were no mistike abart its bein' clever. It 'ad wukked in Lunnun fur seven year, an' whether yer is a man or whether yer is a 'orse, thet teaches yer sutthink. As I sye, Ike were mikin' fur 'is mews, but it worn't ter be. A busy-lookin', snappy-looking gent r'ised 'is stick, and thet ole 'orse, knowin' 'is business, brought the keb up ter the kerb.

'Number fifty-three Sutthink-or-other Terris, St. John's Wood,' says the gent, shawp-like.

Well, nar, thet put Ike in rawther a tight plice. Whort 'e wornted ter do was ter sye as 'e were chinging 'orses, and wud be obliged if the gent wud tike another keb. But theer 'e was—'e were thet bad thet 'e knew if 'e opened 'is marth, the gent wud twig as 'e were tight, an' likely git 'im lugged fur bein' drunk while drivin' 'is keb. 'E looked jest the kind o' gent ter tike offence at a trifle like thet. So Ike nodded pleasant-like, an' the gent gort in. Ike did his best ter drive, an' 'eaded the 'orse up Drury Line ter Oxfurd Street, but, before

’e’d ever gort there a sorter wive of unconk-shusness sim’d ter come over ’im. Theer ’e set in a sorter stoopid daze, with the rines loose in ’is ’and, and whort ’appened ’e knew no more’n a child until ’e woke up agin.

When ’e woke up the keb were goin’ darn thet very terris where the gent ’ad said ’e wornted ter go. Minjer, I’m tellin’ this story as Ike told it ter me. Whort with ’is little nap and whort with ’is scare at ’avin’ bin asleep, ’e were pretty well sobered. ’E twigged as ’ow the ’orse must ’ave ’eard whort the gent said, and ’ad pulled ’im through, but ’ow the coppers ’adn’t niled ’im was whort licked ’im.

Well, when the gent gort art, and were pyin’ Ike, ’e says ter ’im,—

‘ Narce little ’orse, thet of yours.’

‘ ’E is,’ says Ike.

‘ But theer’s one queer thing abart ’im.’

‘ Whart’s thet? ’ says Ike.

‘ Whart? Ain’t you noticed it, and you a-drivin’ of ’im? Whenever ’e sees a copper ’e ’urries up, and don’t slow darn agin till ’e’s sifely pawst. ’As ’e bin doin’ time? ’

'No,' says Ike. But, accordin' ter Ike's accarnt, if it 'adn't bin fur the cunnin' an' hinstink of thet ole 'orse, Ike would 'ave 'ad ter do a bit o' time 'isself. And 'e's a griteful sort o' chap is Ike when 'e's 'ad a kindness done 'im. The 'orse got a extry feed that night.

Thet's Ike's story. I don't sye as it isn't a lawge marthful ter swaller. It is. I don't sye as I can swaller it 'ole myself. I cawn't. Still, I knew thet ole 'orse, an' 'e were a clever 'orse. When 'e'd bin anywheer, 'e remembered it. And 'e'd bin on the rank just artside thet terris more'n a year afore Ike picked 'im up.

The other dye 'e gort talkin' abart thet sime ole 'orse, and were syin' as 'e wished 'e 'ad 'im still. 'Why,' says Ike, 'thet 'orse were more like a fawther ter me nor anythink else. Yer couldn't mike thet 'orse pull up at more'n three pubs in the course of a arternoon. 'E knowed whart were good fur me an' whart were exceedin'. 'E'd storp at three pubs as quiet as a lamb, but arter thet no more. Try ter pull 'im up fur one extry drink arter that, and 'e was like ter jump art of 'is skin. 'E'd sooner 'ave



"The 'orse got a extry feed that night."

kicked the cab ter bits nor storped. I can tell yer ’e kep’ me sober, thet ’orse did.’

‘ Well,’ says ’Ankin, ‘ whart were ’e doin’ of thet night you was too drunk ter drive the gent, and ’ad ter leave it ter the ’orse? ’

‘ ’E were all right. I ’adn’t bin ter only one pub, and I took it all in there. Yer don’t surpose as ’e cud see inter the bar an’ check off ’ow many drinks I’d ’ad, do yer? ’E surposed as I were settin’ smokin’ of my pipe and drinkin’ of my one pint rather extry slow. ’E were a good un, thet ’orse were, but I don’t sye as ’e were a merracle.’

Yuss, ’e’s done a good many things, ’as Ike—and a good many people too. I mind one time when ’e’d bin droppin’ it over the Warrerloo Cup. Then ’e dropped a bit more at Warwick. Then ’e took to some gineral all-rarnd bettin’ on anythink as turned up, and shed ’is money ev’ry time. Lawst of all, ’e got thet low thet ’e needed a drink, warnted it bad, couldn’t find the money fur it, and couldn’t put ’is ’and on a pal ter stand it ’im. Well, ole Ike don’t keer, ’e don’t. ’E stalks inter the top-clawss privit

saloon bar, sime as 'e might 'ave bin the King o' Hingland, plumps 'isself darn on the red plush, and begins ter think. 'E's allus dressed rawther in the slap-up line, is ole Ike, and 'e didn't look as pore as 'e was. Just fur the sike o' syin' sutthink, 'e said a pot o' the best bitter. By the time they'd drord thet, Ike 'ad thort art 'is little gime. 'Gimme a clean wine-glawss as well,' says 'e; 'and mind yer wipe it art keerful.' The man in the bar looked surprised, but 'e give it 'im. Then Ike moved off ter a corner, as if 'e didn't wornt nobody ter see whort 'e were doin', but he took jolly good keer ter sit so as the 'ole thing were reflected in a lookin'-glawss whort the barman cud see.

Then 'e begun a little bit o' inspectin' fake, did Ike. It were a 'igh-toned performance, I can tell yer. Fust 'e took a good pull at the beer, then 'e frarnd an' looked serus. Next 'e pours a little o' the beer inter the sherry-glawss, an' pulls art the ole note-book as 'e pencils darn 'is bets in. Inside thet note-book is some bloomin' 'and-bill on green piper. Ike tears off a little bit o' green piper an' a little bit

o' white. 'E dips the green piper in the glawss, and egsamines it very keerful, does the sime thing with the white, writes darn sutthink in 'is note-book, sighs, puts up the note-book, and buttons 'is coat, feelin' in the tickit-pocket as if 'e were goin' ter pye fur the beer an' move on. By thet time the manager's come rarnd, an' touches Ike on the shoulder.

'Beg yer pawdon,' says the manager, 'but theer's nutthink wrong with the beer, I 'ope?'

Ike pretends ter be stawtled. 'Why, whort mikes yer sye that?' says 'e.

'We seed it all reflected in the glawss,' says the manager. 'You ain't actin' fur a inspecter, are yer?'

'Ho, no,' says Ike. 'And the beer's so good I warnt a little in a bottle ter tike awye with me, and I'll see fur myself that it's the sime beer, please.'

The manager puts two 'arf-crarns darn on the tible, and says, 'You've dropped some money theer, 'aven't yer?'

Ike says, 'I deern't do it—it's more'n my plice is wuth.'

' 'Oo's ter know? ' says the manager, puttin' darn another 'arf-crarn.

Ike picks 'em up, and puts 'em in 'is pockit, and pretends ter mike an alterition in 'is note-book. ' Very well, then,' says Ike, ' I calls fur a pint o' the sime beer in a bottle, and if you should 'appen ter bring me a diff'runt one, then thet's your mistike, and I knows nutthink abart it.' ' Thet's right,' says the manager, with a full-sized 'ealthy wink, ' but I never knowed 'em ter run the gime this wye before—new line, ain't it? '

So the end of thet were thet Ike walked horf with seven-an'-six, and a bottle o' good beer in 'is pockit; and the real inspecter come darn on thet public next dye, and Ike ain't done lawfin yet.

And I orter tell yer whort 'e done once in the dyes afore 'e come ter Lunnun. Thet were when 'e were workin' fur a dairy. This time the luck were with 'im; the chawnce were throwed at 'im, so ter speak, and 'e couldn't git awye from it.

Well, as 'e were goin' darn the street—it were

in one o’ them subbubs—’e came on a ’orse whort ’ad dropped dead in the shawfts. Theer were a country-lookin’ chap ’ad bin drivin’ of it, and Ike lent ’im a ’and with backin’ off the cawt. ‘ ’Ow did it ’appen? ’ said Ike. ‘ ’Ad a fit? ’

‘ Dunno,’ said the chap. ‘ Storped, went all of a tremble-like, an’ rolled over. Why, we ’adn’t come more’n a ’undred yawds from the mews.’

‘ And whart’s ter be done next? ’

‘ I’d better go back and awsk my boss. ’E ain’t a bad sort. ’E’ll mike it wuth yer while if you’ll stop till I come beck and kip a eye on the cawt.’

With thet ’e went off, and the crard begun ter gather ararnd. Theer was a narce manly-lookin’ curit came bustin’ up on a tricycle He storped ’is mersheen, jumped orf, and come up rawther offishus:

‘ ’Adn’t you better stand back theer, all you good people,’ says the curit, ‘ an’ give the poor animile air? ’

‘ No yoose, sir,’ says Ike, very respectful; ‘ the ’orse is dead.’

'Dear, dear,' the curit says, 'I'm afraid this is a sad loss for a pore man like you.'

The curit 'ad jumped ter the cornclooshun as it were Ike's 'orse; and you may bet yer life as Ike tumbled to thet right awye.

'You mye well sye so,' says Ike. 'I'd only 'ad 'im a year.'

'And you was very good friends, I dersye,' said the curit.

'Thet we was. Look at 'im as 'e lies theer; 'e ain't bin stawved, and 'e ain't never 'ad a blow from me.' Thet were all right, fur the 'orse were as fat as butter, and looked as if 'e'd bin well-treated. ''Ow I'm ter git another is whort worries me, and my livin' depends on it.'

Well, theer were sev'ral gents in the crard as the curit sim'd ter know, and 'e went rarnd to 'em and mide a colleckshin—twenty-three shillins in all. 'E 'anded the money ter Ike, and said as it 'ud be sutthink terwards buyin' a noo 'orse. And Ike thenk'd 'em all, and said as 'e were very griteful, and 'e were. Then 'e said as 'e'd go orf and borrer a 'orse ter tike the cawt home. ('E'd seed a copper comin'.)

’E went orf up a side-street and rarnd a corner, leavin’ the curit an’ the rest on ’em still standin’ rarnd the axerdunt, and as soon as ’e were sife rarnd the corner, ’e run like knife, you bet.

’E’ll do yer, even when ’e ain’t stannin’ ter mike nutthink art of it ’isself. Theer was a chap in ar yawd went by the nime of Williams; cleverish young chap in ’is wye, cud write verses with rhymes in ’em, an’ did it more’n once, too, for I seed ’em myself. Nicish sort, too, though a bit slow; but ’e were feerly give up ter sooperstishings. You couldn’t think o’ nutthink as ’e wouldn’t berlieve. ’E’d bin ter three forchoon-tellers, an’ spent money over ’em, and all three of ’em told ’is forchoon all diff’runt, and blimey if ’e didn’t berlieve the lot. ’E were allus egspectin’ as sutthink bad were goin’ ter ’appen ter ’im, or else sutthink good, accordin’ ter the signs of ’is luck as ’e’d noticed. Nutthink ever did ’appen ter ’im perticlar bad or perticlar otherwise, but ’e went on berlievin’ in it just the sime. Lawst of all, ole Ike took ’im in ’and. ‘Look ’ere,’ says

ole Ike, 'do yer think as them prophetic ormernacks knows what's goin' ter 'appen?'

'Think it?' says Williams; 'I'm jolly sure of it. They ain't never wrong. The man as writes them knows a bit, though 'ow 'e knows it that ain't fur us ter sye.'

'Well, any'ow,' says Ike, 'I've gort one o' them ormernacks 'ere, and I don't berlieve none of it.' And 'e pulls the ormernack art of 'is pockit.

'Give it a fair test,' says Williams. 'Tike next month's prophercy, an' see whort 'appens.'

'You can do it fur yerself,' says Ike. With that, 'e tears art the prophercy fur the next month, and Williams tikes it.

At the end of the month Williams comes back with thet prophercy, reg'lar joobilant. 'It's all come troo, ev'ry wud of it,' says 'e.

'Oh! 'as it?' says Ike.

'It 'as thet,' says Williams. 'The prophet says as we shall be 'orrified by the shock of earthquike.'

'An' theer ain't bin no earthquike,' says Ike.

But it turned art as theer 'ad bin a slight

shock in a small island horf the coast o' somewheer or other as I cawn't remember. Then the ormernack 'ad said as the death of a member of the ryal fam'ly wud be a source of pine an' grief ter many. As Williams pineted art, it didn't sye the Hinglish ryal fam'ly, an' some art-of-the-way furrin prince 'ad gone pop, an' so the ormernack 'ad gort it agin. Likewise it 'ad landed a big shippin' disawster—thet were pline enough, an' no mistike abart it, an' I own as it staggered me jest at the fust.

'Nar then,' says Williams, 'do yer mean ter sye as them ormernacks don't know a bit?'

'I mean ter sye as they don't know nutthink,' says ole Ike. 'Look 'ere! 'Ere's the ormernack. 'Ere's wheer I tore the bit art fur yer.'

'Thet's all right,' says Williams.

'Look at it agin,' says Ike. 'Look at the dite of it, yer juggins.' It were a old ormernack, one fur three years afore.

It's 'Ankin as ole Ike mostly goes fur, but 'e's plyed it off on me afore this. One dye 'e says ter me, says 'e, 'In this 'ere matter o' threepennuth o' ole rum,' says 'e, 'it ain't whart

you'd call a heasy thing ter git it withart pyin' fur it.'

'No,' says I, 'it cawn't be done—wuss luck!'

'Yuss, it can,' says 'e, 'if yer knows yer wye abart.'

''Ow der yer mean?' says I.

'Well,' says 'e, 'yer picks yer public keerful —one o' them wheer the toffs (butlers an' sich) drops in occishanal; yer saunters inter the top-price bar, and orders anythink as yer 'as a fancy fur. Then, when it comes ter the pyin', yer feels in yer pocket as if egspectin' ter find yer purse there. "Why, blow me tight," yer says ter the gal be'ind the bar, civilly, "if I ain't come art withart it! But I'm in 'ere most dyes—settle it ter-morrer." And she says, "Thet'll be quite all right, sir. Any time you're pawsin'. Good-mornin'." And she chalks it up on the slite, and you says "Good-mornin'" likewise, and art yer comes. Then, if yer do look in ter-morrer, yer pye fur it, and if yer don't, then it 'as ter stand over until yer do.'

I says ter 'im, rather sarcawstic, ' Are yer awskin me ter berlieve thet? '

' You can do as yer like abart it, but it's right. Wheer chaps like you goes wrong is in bein' too bloomin' 'umble. Yer goes inter a pub where they don't give no credit, and in course yer don't get none. Go inter a reg'lar slap-up plice, and awst fer it as if yer egspected ter git it, and yer *will* git it. It's all in the wye yer do it.'

' 'Ave yer ever done it yerself? '

' Scores o' times; never miss.'

' Well,' I says, ' I'll bet yer a bob yer don't do it nar.'

' Done with you,' says 'e. Well, 'e took me inter a wipe-yer-boots-on-the-mat kind of a drorin'-room, and ordered two threes o' rum, as cool as anythink. A most elegint-lookin' young lyedy 'anded us the drinks, and Ike pawsed 'er some remawk on the weather or sutthink. When 'e comes ter go, 'e felt fur 'is money as natshral as posserble, and then said, ' Let thet stand over till ter-morrer, miss, will yer? Left all my cash in the other wescut.'

'That'll be quite all right,' says she. 'Any time when you're 'ere will do fur that.'

It staggered me. I 'adn't berlieved it posserble. I pulled art my bob, and 'anded it to 'im. 'E pawsed it on ter 'er, syin', 'Find as I can pye, awter all.'

Then she begun ter lawf. 'Why,' she says, 'this is the sixteenth man you've caught with that little trick.'

'Suttingly,' says 'e, 'with yer kind assistance. Dew me the pleasure ter dror yerself a glawss o' whart yer fancies on it.'

Which she did. It were all a bloomin' put-up jorb between 'em.

But, like most o' them as is allus at it, ole Ike gits left sometimes. One dye as we stood a-talkin', up 'e come. 'E were lookin' rawther pile abart the fice and sorter sheepish, and 'e'd gort a pink-coloured shide over 'is left peeper. Netshrally, we bust art a-lawfin'.

'Whart are you bin a-doin' of?' I says. ''Angin' up a pickshur and mistook yer bloomin' hye fur the bloomin' tin-tack?'

'Garn,' says the nex' chap. 'Thet's whart 'appens from interfeerin' with another man's second best gel.'

'Stow it,' says a third. ''E were goin' 'ome from the mishn'ry meetin', puffickly sober, when one o' them nawsty lamp-posts steps acrorst an' landed 'im on the heyeball.'

'Hah!' says Ike, savage-like, 'you're a bloomin' funny lot, all of yer, I don't think.'

'Well,' says 'Ankin, 'when a chep goes promenidin' rarnd with a bleck eye, 'e must egspeck a little beddinawge.' 'Ow 'e picks up them 'igh-clawss wuds is a thing as pawses my knowlidge!

'Dunno whart you're tawkin' abart,' says Ike. 'Whart's bleck eyes gort ter do with me?'

'Ho, nutthink!' says 'Ankin, speakin' sarcawstic. 'Suttingly not. Your hye's all right —thet's why you're wearing o' thet bloomin' winder-blind over it.'

'Very well,' says Ike, 'and nar surposin' I tell yer strite thet I 'adn't got no bleck eye,

nor nutthink else the matter with it, whart 'ud you mike o' thet? '

'Whart's the use of all this talk?' says a quiet chep, by the nime of 'Enery 'All. 'I'll lye yer a bob yer 'ave gort a black eye—nar then.'

'Done with you,' sharts Ike, pullin' orf thet shide. It were all one of 'is tricks; 'e 'adn't gort no black eye at all, and 'e'd just put on thet pink-coloured shide so as ter git the bet on with summun.

As I sye, 'Enery 'All is a quiet sort o' chep. 'E pulls art 'is bob, and 'ands it over. Ole Ike was a-rollin' abart, and 'oldin' of 'is sides with lawfter. 'Wornt ter mike any more bets?'

'Yuss,' says 'Enery 'All, 'I don't mind. You was a-wearin' thet shide when yer didn't need it, I'll bet yer another bob yer 'as ter wear it becos yer *does* need it. Tike yer coat orf and come on!'

So they stepped darn a court, out of the wye o' the coppers, and 'ad a bit of a set-to.

The lawst I saw of ole Ike 'e'd pide over 'is

bob, and were just horf ter buy another shide. Yer see, 'e 'ad two eyes, and they wornted one apiece.

Yes, 'e goes a bit too fur, and nar and again 'e comes up agenst a chep like 'Enery 'All, and then theer's trouble.

‘ ’ANKIN ’



''ANKIN'

'ANKIN is a sowshal reformer. 'E's gort grievances aginst ev'rythink. 'E injyes denarncin', and egsposin', and overthrowin' and abolishin'. If yer listen ter 'im yer'd think as most things were worm-eaten, an' the rest was 'oneycombed, and anythink left over were the thin end o' the wedge. I dunno whart 'is perlitical opinions is, but I don't 'old with 'em. My word, if my perlitical opinions were sime as 'is, I'd never breathe 'em ter a livin' soul! I'd be too much ashimed of 'em. But 'Ankin ain't one ter keep 'is marth shut. 'E 'as the gift of the gab, whart's took root in 'im deep, and 'e cawn't git awye from it. Well, 'e were at a little friendly meetin' among pals, sutthink in the wye of a smoker, I shud imadjine. The percedin's closed with the Nashnal Anthem, fur

which they all stood up—thet is, all egsep' 'Ankin. 'Stand up,' summun sharts at 'im. 'Shawn't,' says 'Ankin. 'I ain't no 'eathen washupper of idols. While thet theer toon's bein' plyed, I refooses ter stand up.'

And whort they did ter 'im next I cawn't egsackly sye, but nex' dye the trouble was ter persuide 'Ankin ter sit darn.

Ah! And 'e'd be in wuss trouble nor thet if it warn't fur 'is ole missus. She drives 'im on the curb, she do. Left ter 'isself 'e'd as soon blow up the 'Ouse o' Lords as look at it. But she knows diff'runt. 'E's gort ter bring 'is money 'ome an' keep art o' the road on washin' dyes; and 'e does it. 'E's a flimin' volkiner at a meetin', but 'e's a apolergizin' time rabbit at 'ome. Clever chap too. It's allus bin a wunner ter my mind 'ow 'Ankin don't do better at pawsin' remawks as 'e goes along on 'is 'bus. 'Is talinks is undeniable, and 'is gift fur lengwidge is sutthink as 'as ter be seen ter be berlieved. But then 'e's gort yoosed ter addressin' crawds, and they wites fur yer ter come ter the pint of yer remawks

gradshal. It ain't like thet on a 'bus. Whort yer cawn't sye in 'awf-a-second ain't wuth syin' at all. It mye be all very fine, an' narcely expressed, and so on, but it don't git 'ome. 'Ankin stawts ter awnser back, but before 'e's gort inter 'is stride, so ter speak, the 'bus 'as gone on, and the other chap sings art, ‘ Call fur it ter-morrer,’ or ‘ Write it art, an' post it,’ or some sich words as them. Now, ole Ike ain't gort 'arf the talinks of 'Ankin, but when 'e were on a 'bus, afore 'e met with misforchoons along o' them coppers, 'e was abart as 'andy with 'is tongue as any man, and there weren't many as keered ter tackle 'im. One dye, I remember, Ike 'ad bin annoyin' of a 'ansom cab, wouldn't let it git pawst, 'ad bin nursin' of it 'alf-wye darn Orxfud Street; at lawst the cabby gits alongside and sings art, ‘ You ought ter be drivin' of a muck-cawt.’

‘ Whort ? ’ says Ike, ‘ drive the 'earse at your foon'ral? 'Appy, I'm sure! ’ Gort 'im.

We sees a good bit of one another—me and Ike and 'Ankin. O' course Ike an' me unner-

stands 'is weak pints an' mikes allarances. Likewise abart once a fortnight Ike 'ull plye orf a bit o' kid on 'im so as ter teach 'im 'is plice and encourage 'im ter 'old 'is jaw a little. Theer was a kise nort so long ago as I'll tell yer abart. 'Ankin's a mawvil at gittin' up a pertition or a Rarnd Robin, or anythink o' thet kind. 'E injys the yoosin' of super'or lengwidge and writin' of it art in a bew'ful 'and, and then tikin' it rarnd ter git ev'rybody ter sign it. It got ter be a reg'lar 'abit with 'im and a puffick noosance ter iv'rybody. Nutthink cud 'appen but whort 'Ankin wud 'ave ter write art a piper abart it and come botherin' all of us ter put our nimes ter it. At fust we did it, not becos we keered twopence abart anti-vaccinition, or whortever it might be as 'e were petitionin' abart, but jest by wye of obligin' a pal. But at lawst it got ter a reg'lar artrige, and we couldn't stomach no more of it.

Well, old Ike gort 'old of 'im. We three were tikin' the yooshal lotion one night, and ole Ike says: 'Thet's 'awd lines, thet kise o' Jimes Cowback, o' Fulham.'

‘ Ay,’ I says, ‘ crool ’awd, thet is.’ I ’adn’t got no noshing whart ’e meant, yer know, but I cud see as ’e were onter sutthink by the fac’ as ’e give a wink.

‘ Why, whart’s the matter with ’im? ’ says ’Ankin.

‘ Matter with him? ’ says Ike. ‘ Thet’s a bloomin’ narce questshing ter awst, I don’t think, when the poor beggar’s goin’ ter be strung up next Toosd’y week.’

‘ Whart is they ’anging ’im fur? ’ awsts ’Ankin.

‘ Why, because ’e murdered ’is ole missis.’

‘ Well,’ ’Ankin says, ‘ I ain’t one as ’olds with kep’tal punishment, but still the law is the law, and if ’e did kill ’er—’

‘ ’Old yer tongue, yer Juggins,’ says Ike. ‘ Jimes Cowback found ’is missus beatin’ their kid fit ter kill the boy. ’E told ’er to drop it, an’ she wouldn’t. So ’e caught ’old of ’er ter pull ’er awye, and she went over onter the fender and broke ’er crust. So nar ’e’s got to be ’anged, and I calls it a shime.’

‘ Sims rum,’ says ’Ankin.

'Why, it's a puffick scandal! 'E was a pore chap, and 'adn't gort no money ter get 'isself a smart mouthpiece. And 'e don't sime ter 'ave no friends neither, else they'd write to the 'Ome Sekkytary abart it, and 'e'd soon storp it, once 'e knowed.' 'Ankin gits very egsited, and brings 'is fist darn on the tible. 'Blimey,' 'e says, 'if I don't sive that pore chap's life! You give me all the detiles, and I'll dror art the pertition myself, and tike it rarnd myself, and not rest till I've gort a tharsand nimes ter it.'

'Ah!' says Ike, 'nar you're talkin'. I'll give yer the detiles fawst enough.'

So 'e gort a bit o' noospiper art of 'is pocket and pertended ter read from it, and 'Ankin took notes an' went orf in a 'urry ter git art his pertition.

Then Ike 'e lawfed till I thought 'e'd 'urt 'isself. For there never was no Jimes Cowback, and the 'ole thing were a bit o' bloomin' kid from beginnin' ter end.

Next dye Ike stawtid off. 'E didn't begin with us, but jist went from 'ouse to 'ouse, and

that’s the funny thing abart it. ’E’d gort a ’undred an’ fifty-four signychoors afore ’e farnd art as ’e’d bin kidded. I surpose, when ’e called at any ’ouse, they were so glad that ’e ’adn’t come for a donition or the taxes that they signed it art o’ gratitood withart tikin’ much notice whort it were abart.

But thet froze ’Ankin off of ’is pertitionizin’ fur a bit.

Once and once only do I remember ’Ankin gettin’ a bit of ’is own back—though ’e’s tried it on with me orftun enough. And thet time it warn’t badly thought art. It were like this. They’d dropped inter a public tergither, and ole Ike ’ad shifted ’is liquor an’ put ’is money darn. Quick as light ’Ankin picks art a penny o’ thet money, and says ter the gel be’ind the bar, ‘ Look ’ere, my dear, I’ll give yer twopence fur thet penny.’

‘ Ho, I’ll sell yer as many as yer like at thet price,’ says the gel.

‘ It’s only this pertic’lar one as I wornts,’ says ’Ankin.

‘ Whart! ’ says the gel, ‘ is that one o’ them

whart 'ad the gold put in by mistike, and was arterwuds recalled? '

'Ah!' says 'Ankin, 'awskin' is one thing, and awnserin' is another.'

'Ho, you *are* cross!' says the gel.

Ole Ike 'e'd listened ter all this, and 'e looked a bit uneasy and suspicious like. 'Arrever, 'e'd mide up 'is mind as 'Ankin 'ud be barnd ter give the show awye, and so 'e jest set tight and awst no questshings. Never another wud did 'Ankin sye abart thet penny; 'e went on talkin' abart the Cornsut of Yewrup. Nar the Cornsut of Yewrup ain't nutthink ter Ike, and Ike ain't nutthink ter the Cornsut of Yewrup, and so all the time Ike were thinkin' whart on earth 'Ankin warnted ter give twopence fur thet pertic'lar penny fur. 'E 'ad bin told somewheer or other as pennies o' some pertic'lar dite 'ad all bin called in, and they'd give yer 'alf a thick-'un fur one of 'em at the Benk. Soon as they'd gort artside, Ike says ter 'Ankin, ''Old on a bit. I'm jest goin' beck ter git a light.' In course 'e really went beck ter awsk the gel if she'd noticed anything pertic'lar abart thet penny.

'Well,' she said, 'I couldn't sye. It rung a bit queer, but 'e'd nipped on ter it ommust afore I cud see it.'

Then Ike come ter me and tol' me all abart it, and said as, prorp'ly speakin', 'e considud as 'Ankin 'ad done 'im art of 'awf-a-sov. In course I seed as it were a put-up jorb, but I worn't goin' ter spile sport.

Two dyes arterwuds 'Ankin come art in a new 'at, and Ike felt suttin' as 'e were right. So 'e went ter 'Ankin, and he says, 'Look 'ere, wheer did yer tike them pitent twopenny pennies, and whart d'yer git fur 'em?'

'Stow it!' says 'Ankin. 'If ev'rybody knowed ev'rythink, I couldn't live, let alone get a new 'at.'

'It's feer does,' says Ike; 'I'll stand yer a pint.'

Ike's ideer was to go wheer 'Ankin 'ad sold thet penny, and find art whart the dite 'ad ter be, and keep a look-art fur 'em in foochur.

'Very well,' says 'Ankin, and 'e took darn 'is pint.

'Nar then,' says Ike.

'That penny o' yours whart I give twopence fur I took ter the Gin'ral Post Orfus.'

'A!' says Ike, 'I knowed it were either the Post Orfus or the Benk. And whart did they give ye fur it?'

'They give me a penny stamp fur it,' says 'Ankin, 'and yer can lick it if yer like.'

Then 'Ankin made a bolt fur it, and bein' pretty 'andy with 'is feet, gort awye before Ike could git at 'im. Then 'Ankin were 'appy — leastwise as 'appy as yer can egspeck a darn-trodden sowshal reformer ter be.

. . . . . .

But theer is one more remawkable pint abart 'Ankin, and thet is 'is luck. 'E 'on't own ter it, 'e don't do nutthink with it, and 'e don't even like yer ter talk abart it. But theer it is. With 'awf 'is luck I'd buy up the whole o' Pawk Line in six months. With 'im the things 'appen as simply cawn't 'appen, and at any



"Very well,' says Ankin and 'e took darn is pint.

gime o' chawnce it ain't sife ter come up against 'im. Me and Ike did it once.

It was a gime o' Nap, thet's whart it was, and 'Ankin didn't wornt ter plye, 'is ole missus bein' dead set aginst all gamblin' unless it's a sure win. Besides, 'Ankin don't unnerstand Nap, and said as 'e didn't. 'Arrever, me and Ike 'adn't no more sense than ter worry 'im and persuide 'im inter plyin'. Don't you never do thet. If a chap don't wornt ter plye, and you persuide 'im ter plye, then 'e'll win your money. Thet's the wye the luck allus runs, and I knowed it afore, only I were too much a fool to think abart it. We only plyed one 'and. Ike went four, 'avin seven, six, five of di'monds, and ice and king of 'awts. Thet were a fair speculitive four 'and, mikin' the di'monds trumps. Then I said as I'd go Nap, 'avin five 'awts, with the jack on top. Then 'Ankin said as 'e'd go Wellington. And 'e did, an' mide it, too. 'Is 'and was the six and two o' spides, the four and three o' clubs, an' the three o' di'monds, and 'e plyed 'em in thet order. O' course, I couldn't beat none of 'em. Old Ike

might 'ave beat the lawst cawd, the three o' di'monds, but then 'e'd chucked 'is di'monds awye fust, an' kep' 'is ice of 'awts, as were only right and natshral. Thet's whart it come to. Thet bloomin' 'Ankin, 'oldin' a 'and as any sensible man would 'ave chucked, went Wellington on it, and not only went it, but (which was the bloomingest thing of all) mide it. Well, we pide up, an' me and Ike sat lookin' at each other. At fust we said nutthink. It were beyond the par of 'uman speech. Then Ike gort up an' reached 'is 'at, an' stuck it on. 'Nap,' 'e says, 'is Nap, an' bloomin' merracles is bloomin' merracles, and I ain't tikin' none.'

'Why,' says 'Ankin, 'it sims a nicish sort o' gime. Ain't either of yer goin' on with it?'

'Thenk you kindly, mister bloomin' 'Ankin,' I says, 'but this lets us art fur the dye.' And, with thet, me and Ike went orf, and 'ad ter shift a pot each afore we cud regine our composure.

But theer, 'e goes on with 'is wuk jest the sime, and don't trust ter 'is luck a bit, and I

'on't sye as 'e ain't right. Your luck mye sime as thick an' solid as yer like, and as long as yer don't tike no notice of it, it mye go on such. But once you lean on your luck, it snaps. I knows thet, becos I knows men 'as 'ave snapped it.



QUEER FARES



BLOWED if it ain't enough ter mike yer chuck the 'bus business and mike yer earn yer livin' by goin' abart the streets singin', 'Hi'm but a little simple flar,' or wuds ter thet effec', or try some other sort o' street cadgin', or go an' drarn yerself.

It were this wye. We was goin' along as yooshal in the slack time o' the arternoon. I'd got four lyedies inside. They were the yooshal kind o' lyedy, a bit 'aughty an' sniffy. Bless yer 'eart, I don't mind thet. I'm yoosed ter it. They pyes their feers with a sort o' hair as if they was conferrin' on me the Vic-

toryer Crorss an' a week at the seaside throwed in; but they don't give no trouble. I'd sooner 'ave them any dye than a common drunk, or a gent callin' 'isself a netshralist, which is whart I were let in fur thet very arter-noon. But thet's whart I'm comin' to.

' 'E were a mild-lookin' ole gent, small-built, with a grye overcoat, and a cawdboard box unner 'is awm. 'E stood at the corner witin' for the 'bus. Well, 'e gort in, settled 'isself darn, an' pide 'is feer. I didn't tike much notice of 'im, but so fur as I seed 'e looked abart as 'awmless as a Sunday-schule teacher.

Hall of a sudding I 'ears a series o' hawful screams, and all them four lyedies come a-strugglin' ter git art o' the 'bus, an' pretty near knocked me inter the road. I stopped the 'bus and arst 'em whart they thought they was doin' of. They all begun ter speak at once, and hall as I cud gather was that I was ter give 'em all their feers back agin, and I ought to be ashimed of myself, and they'd report me any'ow.

Well, I turned ter the oldest of 'em, and I

says, 'Nar, ma'am, if yer'd kindly tell us whart this is all abart, and them others wud 'old up for a bit, I'd be thenkful.' So I got it art of 'er thet the meek an' mild old gent, whart were still settin' as if nutthink 'ad 'appened, 'ad a lawge pizernous snike in thet cawdboard box, and 'e'd opened the lid an' they seed it fur theirselves; and it was disgriceful thet I shud 'ave allard 'im ter enter a public omnerbus at all. And if I didn't pye up at once they'd have the perleece on me.

''Old on,' I says, cuttin' 'er short, and I goes up ter the ole gent. 'Look 'ere,' I says, 'whart der yer mean by this be'iviour, upsettin' ev'rybody? Yer know as well as I do thet yer cawn't kerry live pizernous snikes in a public vehicle, and openin' the box lid an' all.'

'Yuss,' 'e says, 'thet's why I ain't done it. This snike isn't pizernous, an' never was. Also, it ain't alive. It's stuffed. I tried ter egspline it ter 'em, but they wouldn't listen. I'm a netshralist—thet's 'ow I comes ter 'ave it.'

Arter a lot more jaw and wisetin' a lot more

time, I got three o' them lyedies ter git beck inter the 'bus on condition the ole gent rode artside. But the lawst o' the lyedies said she wasn't goin' ter be bit ter death by serpeants, whether they was stuffed or not. She warnted 'er money beck. Well, I looked at 'er, and I says, feelin' in my bag fur the coppers, ' Cawn't give it yer, unless yer gives me the ticket beck fust.'

' Oh, you can 'ave yer ticket,' she says, and 'ands it me.

I took it an' looked at it. It were jest as I egspectid.

' Very well, ma'am,' I says, ' I see as you've ridden two 'undrid yawds over yer penn'uth already.'

' I'm shaw it was unintenshnal,' she says.

' No dart,' says I; ' but instead o' me pyin' you, yer'll 'and me over another penny, or yer'll see thet perleeceman as yer've bin talkin' so much abart.'

She pide. But, all the sime, when theer's so many o' thet sort ararnd, it's a dog's life,

and one as might drive a less joodishus man than myself ter intemp'rance.

. . . . . .

I never knowed 'ow fur orkudness could go until one dye lawst week. I 'ad a young man on my 'bus whart feerely took the gingerbread. I've 'ad clumsy people on the 'bus afore, but none like 'im. 'E were a tall young man, narrer-chested, with a biggish, turnup-shiped 'ead. 'E kerried two books under 'is awm, an' a humbereller. As 'e were goin' up the steps, the 'bus stawted, and I sharted to 'im to 'old on. Blest if 'e didn't drop the books and the humbereller, and it was jest a chawnst thet they didn't go inter the road. 'It ain't often I drop anything,' he said, as I 'anded 'im them back; 'in fac' it's most unushal.' Then I give 'im 'is ticket. It were a penny fare, and 'e offered me a shillin'. Clumsy people never 'as the right change 'andy. 'Avin' no silver, I was forced ter give 'im eleven coppers, which 'e took and then dropped the 'ole caboodle. 'Why, I shall begin ter think I'm turnin'

orkud,' he said, pyshuntly. Theer was that abart him—'e never sim'd ter git irrertited. I've knowed men as would 'ave swore theirselves black in the fice for less nor whart happened ter this young man. Well, I left 'im on 'is 'ands and knees 'untin' fur the lost coppers. 'E wouldn't let me 'elp 'im, and so I went darn agin. I 'adn't bin stannin' theer mor'n a minnit before a brarn felt 'at blowed pawst me and inter a puddle. I didn't wite to awst no questshings; I knowed 'oose 'at thet 'ud be. I 'opped off the 'bus, got the 'at, and took it up to 'im. He thanked me and give me twopence. 'I don't sime ter be in luck ter dye,' he said. 'Theer were a gust of wind come just as I were miking myself a cigarette.' The cigarette looked like a busted caterpillar. 'So,' 'e went on, 'I 'adn't a 'and ter 'old my 'at on with. I'm sorry to 'ave troubled yer.'

'No trouble,' says I. I kin alwise be perlite ter them as is perlite ter me. Darn I went agin ter wite fur the next awxerdunt as 'e might 'appen to 'ave, an' I 'adn't ter wite long neither. This time it were a silver metch-box

as went flyin' inter the road, sime as the felt 'at 'ad done. I got it back fur 'im, and 'e give me another twopence.

''Ow did yer come ter drop that over the side, sir?' says I.

'I didn't egsackly drop it,' 'e said. 'I throwed it awye in mistike. The wind 'ad jest blowed the metch art that I was lightin' my cigarette with, and I throwed awye the box by mistike fur the metch. Very keerless of me.'

'E 'adn't no more awxerdunts as I seed until 'e come darn ter git off the 'bus. 'Don't you git off till we storps, sir,' says I.

'Ho, no,' says 'e; 'yer needn't storp fur me. I'm yoosed ter this kind o' thing.' With that 'e gives a sort o' jump, gets 'is humbereller between 'is legs, and hover 'e goes flat on 'is face. 'E wasn't 'urt, and 'e told the copper as it was all 'is own fault, which was the bloomin' truth, an' nutthink else.

Well, it were foppence inter my pockut, but all the sime, an' yer ken berlieve me or nort, I were glad when thet young man was done with. Anythink as orkud as thet mikes me feel

nervous. On my soul, if I'd 'ad another five minnits of 'im I should 'ave stawted droppin' things myself. It's wunnerful the wye such things mye affect yer. Theer was a ole lyedy gort inter 'Ankin's 'bus one dye, an' ev'ry nar and then the 'ole of one side of 'er fice give a twitch, one corner of 'er mug shootin' up like as if she were grinnin'. It were some sort of afflickshun as she'd gort; a cousin of my wife's 'ad much the sime thing, only it took 'er in the heyebrar. Well, 'Ankin stood theer a-watchin' of 'er and a-watchin' of 'er, until at lawst 'e farnd 'is own fice stawtin' ter wink jest the sime wye. As 'Ankin said, it were 'alf as if 'e were doin' it a-puppus, and 'alf as if 'e couldn't 'elp it. As luck 'ud 'ave it, she were the only pussen inside, and 'e'd gathered as she didn't know 'er wye abart. So 'e told 'er To'm Court Road was the Mawble Awch, which was wheer she wonted ter go, an' she said she didn't see no awch anywheer, but still she berlieved 'im and got art. And if she 'adn't 'e might a bin afflicted pummanunt sime as 'erself.

. . . . . .

We gits some 'ot 'uns sometimes. One dye a young chap got on my 'bus as didn't look no more nor any other young chap. 'E weren't a man as you'd notice in the street. Sim'd just like nutthink at all. 'E says ter me, 'Awe yer a 'Ammersmith?'

'No, sir,' says I; 'I'm a ormnerbus corn-ducter.'

'I mean,' says 'e, 'does yer 'bus go ter 'Ammersmith?'

'It don't,' says I.

'Then,' 'e says, 'it'll soot me nicely; thenk yer.' Theer was sutthink in thet dreamy wye 'e 'ad of speakin' as guv me suspicions as 'e were a nawsty one ter tackle.

Presintly 'e comes darn, and says very civil, 'Storp, please.' Well, I storped the 'bus, and 'e never gort off. 'E just stood an' looked ararnd.

'Cawn't wite 'ere all dye,' I says, shawp-like.

'Troo,' says 'e; 'you'd better go on agin; I've chinged my mind. I dunno as I'll get art 'ere, arter all.' And with thet 'e goes slowly

up them steps agin, whistlin' of a 'ymn-toone ter 'isself.

Well, I were pretty mad. 'Hall right,' thinks I ter myself. 'This is the lawst time as yoo plyes it orf onter me.' A foo minnits liter I were up top, givin' of the tickits, when 'e touched me on the shoulder.

'Might I trouble you,' says 'e, 'ter awsk the driver ter pull up 'ere?'

'No, you mightn't,' says I, thinkin' as I wouldn't be done agin. 'I've storped this bloomin' 'bus fur yer once, and blow me tight if I do it agin. Nar yer can wite until we gits ter the Succus.'

'Thenks,' 'e says, 'but it's nort fur me—it's fur this lyedy 'ere.' And so it was, and, blimey, if 'e 'adn't copped me agin.

'Ho, very well!' says I, 'thet's all right. As long as it ain't fur you, I don't mind.' So I storped the 'bus, an' the lyedy gort off, and the 'bus went on agin.

Blessed if we'd gorn a 'undrid yawds afore 'e looks over and calls darn ter me, 'Hi! storp!' I didn't 'awdly know whart ter do. 'It ain't

fur me,' 'e says in a serus, cornfidential kind o' wye. Well, I storped the 'bus, fur I were jolly sure thet if 'e 'ad storped it fur 'isself, I'd stawt it agin afore ever 'e cud git darn the steps. Well, 'e never even tried ter come darn; no more did anybody else.

I went up, bilin' over with rige, an' I say ter 'im, ' Whart did you do thet fur? '

' Ho,' says 'e, ' yer told me as yer didn't mind storpin' the 'bus, as long as it weren't fur me.'

' Then whart did yer wornt ter storp the 'bus fur? '

' Just fur the sike of awgyment,' 'e said, as unmoved as if 'e 'adn't done nutthink. And whart cud I sye? At least, I 'ad a good deal ter sye, but it weren't the kind o' thing as cud be said with any degree o' sifety.

Thet put me art a good deal, but I dunno as it ain't good fur yer to git let darn a bit ev'ry nar and then. If yer goes tikin' pints horf of ev'ry man as yer meets, yer mye git a bit above yerself. Still, jest fur the moment it ain't pleasant, and yer needs a little comfort

at the other end o' the rowte afore yer can feel as if you're jest as good as ev'rybody else and better nor most.

Thet ain't the only time as I've bin done. 'Ere's another kise. Yer don't horftun see tew people egsackly alike, nort even in apperunce. I did once, and I wish I 'adn't. It 'appened this wye. A young man gort on my 'bus, 'at back of 'is head, grye coat, and striped bags, kerryin' a brarn-piper pawcil, and a black walkin'-stick with a white handle to it. 'E wen' up on the top, I followed 'im, punched a penny ticket, and give it 'im, turned rarnd and went down agin. As soon as I got darn, I finds 'im sittin' inside aginst the door—sime fice, sime 'at wore the sime wye, sime clothes, pawcil, walkin'-stick, and ev'rythink. 'Egscoose me, sir,' I syes, 'but 'ow did yer get 'ere?'

'The or'nery wye,' syes 'e, lookin' surprised.

'Thet you didn't,' says I, 'or you'd 'ave 'ad to come pawst me.'

'I dunno whart you're talkin' abart,' 'e says. 'Give me my ticket.'

'I've jest this moment give it yer,' says I.

''Ave yer?' says 'e, 'well, I 'aven't got it any'ow.'

''Ere yer aw, then,' says I. 'You kin 'ave a dozen o' 'em fur a shillin', if you're fond o' 'em.'

'Yer'd better be keerful,' says 'e. Presintly I 'as to go up top, and blest if 'e wasn't theer, jest wheer I left 'im the fust time.

'Look 'ere,' I says, 'I don't know 'ow you works this 'anky-panky, but I've 'ad abart enough of it, and so I tells yer strite.'

'E says, 'I dunno whart yer thinks you're syin', but you kin tike it from me that if yer gits drunk while you're on this 'bus you'll find yourself in trouble.' I goes darn agin, and theer 'e was settin' aginst the door as afore.

'Very well,' says I, shikin' my fist in his fice. 'If yer moves agin, egsep ter git art in the or'nery wye, I'll tike yer an' throw yer inter the road.'

'You're drunk,' 'e says. 'You ain't fit ter 'ave chawge of a 'bus.'

'I ain't fit ter 'ave chawge of a bloomin' box o' mirracles like this!' says I, 'but I'll keep my heye on yer all the sime, my friend.' Just then the 'bus stopped, and art 'e got. As I was lookin' arter 'im, the other one come darn off the top and went pawst me. Theer was two of 'em, as like as two peas. They went off tergither lawfin'. At fust I'd a mind ter go fur the two of 'em, and chawnce it, but I sees 'em stawt ter plye the sime gime agin on another 'bus, and let 'em be. If yer 'as ter be mide a fool of it's jest as well ter 'ave comp'ny.

O' course yer does git a bit of a treat nar and agin. One dye a little chep—looked as if 'e might be one o' them 'Ebrew Jews—come up ter me as I were standin' abart, witin' fur the 'bus ter stawt, an' thinkin' o' the niture o' succumstances. 'E touched me on the shoulder, and 'e said, 'Your 'bus is on the corner at a quarter pawst ten ev'ry mornin', ain't it?'

'Yuss,' I says, 'you've gort thet right, sir.'

'Well,' 'e says, 'ter-morrer mornin' at thet

time I shall git onter yer 'bus with a youngish gemmun, a fair-'aired chep, with a lawge nose and a heye-glass. I shall tike a twopenny ticket, and I shall pye yer with a French penny, a 'ipeny stamp, and two fawthin's.'

'Thet's N. G.,' says I.

'Whart der yer mean?' says 'e.

'Well,' I says, 'yer can do as yer likes, but if yer tries ter pye me thet wye, I shall refoose ter tike it.'

'E didn't sime nowise put art. 'Thet's just whart I thought,' 'e said, 'but I 'appen ter be pertic'lar angshus as yer shud tike it, and mike no complinte abart it neither; so 'ere's 'arf-a-crarn fur yer, and mind yer remember me.'

'Thenk you, sir,' I says, 'I 'on't furgit.' And I didn't furgit neither. Why, yer cud see the 'ole thing with 'awf a eye. 'E'd mide a bet with the fair-'aired gemmun, and this was the bloomin' sportsman-like wye 'e were tikin' ter be sure o' winnin' it. 'E were a reg'lar bad egg. But 'is 'arf-crarn were good enough, and so I pouches it and thinks whart I'll do.

Next mornin' I gives my mite the office, and

we're at the corner a bit early. The little Jew chep weren't theer, but the fair-'aired gemmun was, with the big conk an' the heye-glawss all complete.

''Ere yer awe,' I sings art ter 'im. 'This is the 'bus where we tikes a French penny, a 'ipeny stamp, and two fawthin's fur a twopenny fare.' 'E looked a bit staggered.

'Ho, the doose!' says 'e. 'Thet dutty little sweep 'as bin a-gittin' at yer.'

'You 'as the size of it,' says I.

'Whart was 'is price?' says 'e.

''Arf-a-crarn,' says I.

'Mine's five shillin's,' says 'e.

'Then it's done with you, sir,' says I. I took 'is five shillin's, and give 'im the tip ter stroll awye an' nort come up agin until the little Jew 'ad gort in. And so 'e did. When they was both in the 'bus they begun ter talk.

'Look 'ere,' says the fair-'aired gent, 'surpose we halves thet bet?'

'Halve yer gran'mother!' says the little chep, feelin' as if 'e'd gort the money in 'is



"Seven-an-six and a 'awty laugh—

pockit. 'I don't mind doublin' it, if yer like.'

'Very well, then,' says the gent, 'we'll double it.'

At thet, hup I comes, lookin' as if I'd never see'd either of 'em in my life afore, and says, 'Hall fares, please.' 'Twopence,' says the Jew, 'andin' me 'is French penny, the 'ipeny stamp, and the two fawthin's, at the sime time tippin' me a wink as I didn't sime ter 'ave noticed, though yer might 'ave 'ung yer 'at on it.

'Very sorry, sir,' I says, 'but I cawn't tike thet. I ain't allard ter.'

Well, 'e looked as black as thunder, but he see'd the gime were up—pide me a proper twopence, and 'anded two suvverins ter the other chep. 'E deern't say nutthink ter me, or else 'e'd 'ave bin givin' 'isself awye.

Thet did me a bit o' good, thet did. Seven-an'-six and a 'awty lawf—very narce mornin's wuk indeed!

. . . . . .

When I fust begun, I used ter tike a parful

lot of hinterest in folks as gort on the 'bus—used ter wunner whart they was goin' ter do, and whart they did, an' whart they 'ad ter eat. Now I don't trouble my 'ead abart 'em. A penny feer is a penny feer, and a twopenny feer is a twopenny feer, and that's hall they is ter me. Some dyes I gits inter thet mekinikul stite thet if a Chinese gyunt was ter git on the 'bus drunk, I shud just punch 'is ticket an' tike no more notice on 'im. It's doin' the sime thing hall dye and hev'ry dye as gits yer like thet. Yer gits like as if yer goes by clockwuk, and when yer does come ter tike a 'ollerdy, yer feels like a fish art of water, and it tikes yer the best pawt of a dye afore yer kin git inter the wye of enj'yin' yerself.

‘ THEM BOYS ’

'THEM BOYS'

I ONCE knowed a chap whart were a pretty 'ard lot. So 'e 'ad need ter be, seein' 'e were corn-ducter of a pirit 'bus. 'E'd gort a beautiful tible o' feers mide art, all abserloot correct an' no decepshing, no feer less nor sixpence. Yoosed ter 'ang 'is overcoat over it, yer know, when a feer come in, and tike it off agin when the copper boarded 'im. 'E'd chawge City gents sixpence fur Cherrin' Crorss ter Ludgate Succus, and git 'is money too. Whart's a sight stiffer jorb, 'e'd chawge a or'nery ole woman the sime, and nort let 'er orf till she'd pide. As I knows myself, thet tikes a bit o' doin'. Why, some o' them ole women 'ull ride Wes' Kensingtin ter Liv'pool Street, and think you're doin' of 'em in the eyeball 'cos yer 'on't be satersfied with a penny. As I sye, 'e were 'arder than the granite rocks, like them pills they talks abart in the advertisements.

If it were a matter o' awgyment, 'e could awgy a dog's 'ind leg off. If it gort beyond awgyment, 'e were just abart as 'andy with 'is feet and 'ands as any man need be. 'E were as 'ard as they mike 'em, and yet 'e gort done—an' done by a boy.

'Is 'bus were well gort up. It were as like one o' the Comp'ny's 'buses as it well could be. It even carried the sime artside boards, though it carried 'em gritis. Yer might 'ave told it were a pirit by lookin' at the 'orses, but then it ain't one in fifty as *does* look at the 'orses. Well, this chap gort 'is 'bus dror'd up ter the kerb in the mornin', jest abart the time when the City rush is at its wust. ''Ere yer are!' 'e calls art. 'Ludgate Succus fust stop!' Ten of 'em rushed in at once, withart thinkin', gled ter git there, and arter 'em kime a boy of fifteen, wearin' o' spectacles, the sort as looks as if they was sent inter the world in order ter be humbugged by summun else. Well, thet boy 'e jest lifted up the coat over the tariff, and then 'e turned ter my pal.

'Whart price me?' says 'e.

‘ Whart der yer mean? ’ says my pal.

‘ Am I goin’ ter talk abart this ’ere board,’ said ’e, ‘ or am I—’

‘ All right. ’Old yer jaw. You’re free this journey.’

I don’t keer from whart point o’ view you mye ’appen ter look at it, but this ’ere younger generition as is springin’ up all ararnd us is just abart as wide and as ’ard as they mike ’em—more espesh them boys. They don’t leave nutthink fur when they’re growed up. At the sime ige when we was sneakin’ the sugar and eatin’ of it, and gettin’ strapped fur so doin’, the boys nar-a-dyes lights up their cigarettes and talks abart tikin’ their second best gel art of a Sunday. And they don’t get strapped, neither. Corp’ral punishment is cornsidered brootalisin’ nar-a-dyes. It’s degridin’. Chrischun gentleness is your mark when yer ’as ter deal with some young rip fur sneakin’ yer cash and goin’ on the bust with it. I tell yer, I ’ardly knows whart boys is comin’ to. Why, theer was the kise of my own nevvy Jimes, my missus’s brother’s boy,

and whart I tells yer abart 'im is the fac', fur I 'ad it from the boy's own fawther.

'E's rawther a rummy lookin' little chap is Jimes. 'E wears specs., too, and 'as one o' them 'eads as sticks art at the back. Keeps 'isself neater, too, nor most boys, and 'as sutthink the look of a prize-scholar in a Sunday-schule. But ain't 'e a 'oly 'orrer when yer know 'im! 'E ain't stoopid, mind yer, and at figgers 'e's shawper nor most, but 'e's a young 'ot 'un. Well, 'is fawther is in the green-grocery, and Jimes 'ad bin mikin' 'isself very yooseful in the shop one week. Amongst other things, 'e'd bowled art a man whart tried ter pawss a pewter shillin'. So ter reward 'im 'is fawther give 'im a good shillin' fur 'isself, and said, 'Mind you're keerful with it, Jimes.'

Next dye 'is fawther says ter 'im, 'Whart 'ave you done with thet bob?'

'Planked it on a 'orse,' says Jimes, as cawm as posserble. Well, 'is fawther farn art whart the 'orse was, and when it was runnin'.

'Yer silly little Juggins!' 'e says, 'it ain't only the gamblin', though thet's bad enough;

it's the foolishness o' backin' a artsider at thutty ter one.'

'Thet'll be all right, fawther,' says Jimes. 'I gort it from a chap thet's never put me wrong yet.'

'Mye be,' says 'is fawther, 'but if I dew find as you've lorst that shillin', I'll give you strap, my son. I won't 'ave no gamblin', more perticlarly I won't 'ave no idiotic gamblin'.' 'Is fawther went awye, 'avin' a job on darn Covint Gawding. All the time 'e were at work, 'e 'ad the nime o' thet 'orse in 'is 'ead, and at lawst 'e couldn't stand it no longer, and went and put 'arf-a-thick-un on it ter win. The rice came orf, an' the 'orse were second. Thet mide the boy's fawther furus. 'Come 'ere,' 'e says ter Jimes, 'and I'll abart strap the life art of yer.' 'Whart fur?' says Jimes. 'Fur actin' foolish, an' gamblin', an' losin' yer money.' 'Whart are yer gettin' at?' says Jimes. 'I ain't lorst no money. I've done myself good. I backed the 'orse fur a plice. It weren't never meant ter win—I cud 'ave told yer thet, if you'd awst me.'

'E's a sorter boy as comes art up top, 'e is.

. . . . . .

Pore ole 'Ankin's been done by boys—done brarn. It 'appened this wye. Theer were a boy as went by the nime o' Ginger, in cornsequence of 'is 'air bein' carrots; an' 'e'd bin annoyin' 'Ankin fur some time, 'e 'ad. 'Ankin 'ad orfun spoke ter me abart thet boy. 'Im and some others would wite till 'Ankin were a punchin' tickets on the top o' the 'bus, and then they'd jump onter the step ter git theirselves a free ride, and, in course, as soon as they see'd 'Ankin comin' darn again, horf they'd bolt. 'E'd tried ter cop 'em scores o' times. Once, 'owever, 'e took a lump o' coal hup onter the top o' the 'bus with 'im, and when thim boys gort onter the step 'e went ter drop it on 'em. 'E missed thim and 'it a lyedy as were jest comin' art from inside. Do whart 'e would 'e couldn't cop them boys. Theer were a lot on 'em, but Ginger were the wust and frequentest. Well, one dye 'Ankin looks over from the top o' the 'bus and sees Ginger a-sittin' on the step as cool as a cowcumber, crackin' nuts an'



'E'd tried to cop 'em scores o' times.

chuckin' the shells into pawsin' 'ansoms. 'E didn't see 'Ankin, and 'Ankin came darn quick and jest managed ter collar him.

'Gort yer at lawst!' says 'Ankin, 'an' I'll give yer a lessing this time.' So 'e storps the 'bus and 'ands over Ginger to a copper fur defrordin' o' the comp'ny by ridin' on a 'bus withart pyin' 'is fare.

'Nar, then,' says the copper ter Ginger, shawp-like, 'whart do yer mean by it? Whart did yer get on thet 'bus for?'

'’Cos I wanted ter ride ter To'm Court Road,' says Ginger.

'Well, then, if you rides on ’buses you'll ’ave ter pye the feer. Why didn't yer pye?'

'’Cos,' says Ginger, 'I wasn't never awst. I dunno whart ’e's getting at. I've ’ad the money witin' fur ’im this lawst ’alf hour.' Yer might a knocked ’Ankin darn with a ’ymn-book, ’e were so took a-back. ’E'd mide cock-sure thet Ginger were lawkin', sime as yooshall.

'And is this hall you're stoppin' the traffic an' wistin' my time fur?' says the copper ter ’Ankin. 'Give the boy ’is ticket, and be ashimed of yerself.' Poor ole ’Ankin! It worn't no treat to him, that worn't. Thet boy Ginger never so much as grinned. ’E'd got ’Ankin proper, an' that were all ’e keered abart. As yooshally ’appens when anythink goes wrong with ’Ankin, ’e become more aggerivited in ’is perliticel opinyuns than ever. ’Is remawks the sime night on the subjic' of Chymeberlin was a disgrice.

One dye ’Ankin were slummuckin' through Regent's Pawk in ’is sleepy-’eaded wye, when

up comes a little boy in a s'ilor soot, with a cricket-bat in 'is 'and. 'Please, sir,' 'e says, very civil, 'my ball's gone throo thet rilin' an' underneath thet grite bush, an' I cawn't reach it because my awms ain't long enough. Would yer mind reachin' it fur me? I'd be very thenkful.'

Well, 'Ankin thought ter 'isself as this was a very narce-spoken, well-be'ived little boy. 'Lessee if I can see it,' says 'Ankin, stooping darn.

'It's further in,' says the boy; 'you'll 'ave ter stoop lower.' So 'Ankin did.

'Can yer see the ball?' asked the boy.

'Nort yet, my little chap,' says 'Ankin.

'Then, can yer feel this bat?' says the boy, at the sime time catchin' 'Ankin an almighty whack with it be'ind.

With thet the boy run orf, lawfin' fit ter bust 'isself, an' 'Ankin come arter 'im, feelin' as if 'e'd like ter cut 'is 'eart out. But thet boy knew a bit too much. 'E mide fur another fence, an' sniggled through it, which 'Ankin couldn't, bein' a foo sizes too large. As soon

as 'e were the other side of it and sife, the boy calls art, 'Good-bye, Mister-man. You're the third as I've copped ter-dye.' 'Ankin picked up a stone ter 'eave at 'im, and up come a pawk-keeper an' went fur 'Ankin.



THE LAST 'BUS

THE LAST 'BUS

It's the lawst 'bus as brikes the cornducter's 'eart. You may tike my word fur it, we 'as some queer fish on thet lawst 'bus. The other night, as we was gittin' on fur 'ome, an oldish gent storped the 'bus, wivin' 'is humbereller. Well, 'e stood as steady as a rock, and 'is top 'at were on strite, and 'e walked strite from the kerb ter the 'bus. The only things abart 'im at all surspicious were thet 'e 'eld 'is humbereller by the wrong end and smelt o' liquor, like the cheap bar in a 'Ampstead public arter Bank 'Ollerdy. 'Arrever, I took 'im in, an' 'e set darn inside, cawm an' peaceful, grawsping the ferule o' the humbereller in one 'and an' a notebook in the other. 'E sim'd 'armless, an' I egspectid as 'e'd drop orf ter sleep as soon as 'e'd gort 'is ticket.

Thet were the trouble of it. 'E wouldn't tike no ticket, an' 'e wouldn't pye no money.

Fust 'e told me 'e were a directer of the comp'ny, which I knew fur a lie, an' told 'im so. Then 'e said 'e were traffic sup'rintendent, an' a Memmer o' Pawliamint, an' gin'ral manidger of Exeter 'All. By thet time, as you mye imadjing, most of the folks in the 'bus were lawfin', pawtly at 'im an' pawtly at me. 'E spoke in irreg'lar jerks—fust a foo words very slow, then a rush of 'em, then a 'iccup, then a foo words very slow over agin. Well, I were gettin' irritited, an' I says ter 'im, 'I ain't 'ere ter awgy. I'm 'ere ter give you yer ticket an' tike yer money. And if yer don't like thet, yer can go art.'

'Look 'ere,' 'e says, 'I'll mike a bawgin with yer. I 'ave in this note-book a list of those whart I've perswided ter sarn the pledge. If you'll sarn the pledge, an' kip orf the drink in foochur, an' nort git inter this disgustin' stite agin, I'll give yer a penny fur a twop'ny ticket.'

'Then, art yer go,' says I.

'One moment,' says 'e. 'Alkerol provides no nootriment an' no hyperphusphits of

nutthink. If you keeps on gettin' drunk like this night arter night, you'll be rooined, soul and body. Sarn the pledge, an'—'

But by thet time I'd storped the 'bus an' called up the copper orf the kerb. The lawst I seed o' the ole gent 'e were standin' in the road, still wivin' his humbereller by the wrong end an' implorin' thet copper to jine the joovernile Band o' 'Ope afore it were too lite.

. . . . . .

Theer's gents whart 'as 'ad just thet one extry glaws whart's the turnin'-point. Sometimes yer kin see whart's the matter with 'em, an' sometimes yer cawn't. When a man gits on ter my 'bus with a 'iccup fit ter brike the winders, a smile like a dead cod-fish, an' a cigaw stuck be'ind is ear fur a bloomin' pen-'older, well I know whart *'is* 'ead 'ull be like next mornin' withart any tellin'. But, bless yer, some on 'em don't 'awdly give it awye at all. Theer was a pile-ficed young gent come up ter me in the Strand the other night. 'Do you go ter 'Yde Pawk Corner? ' says 'e.

'Yessir,' says I.

Blimey, if 'is speech warn't as good as my own—never missed 'is tip gettin' on ter the 'bus, never did nutthink ter show as 'e'd gone a bit orf! 'E took 'is ticket hall right and pide fur it hall right. But, 'arrever, presintly 'e tikes off 'is 'at very keerful, and reaches up ter put it in the 'at-rack. Well, in course, there ain't no bloomin' 'at-rack, so 'is tile come darn agin. 'E picked it up, looked at it, brushed it with his sleeve, and then did the sime thing once more. Darn bumps the tile agin. Hev'rybody in the 'bus stawts gigglin'. 'E looks rarnd at 'em very dignerfied, and then puts 'is 'at on and stan's up, 'oldin' the strap with one 'and an' touching me on the shoulder with the other.

'I beg your pawdon,' says 'e, 'but is this a rilewye-kerridge?'

'No,' says I, 'it's gin'rally surposed ter be a 'bus.'

'Ah!' says 'e, settin' darn agin, 'then I *am*.'

I've 'ad 'em much wuss than thet. As we

was doin' the lawst journey one night, and 'ad gort pretty near the end of the rowte, a ole gen'lemun storps the 'bus an' gets in. 'E were the only one inside, and I could see whart 'is complinte were. As I were punchin' of 'is ticket, 'e remarks solemn - like, 'Whart a marvellous thing is nychur!'

I says, 'So it is, abart this time o' night.'

'I've bin,' 'e says, 'ter Madim Tersord's, admirin' of nychur. 'Ave you ever bin there?'

'Nort recent,' I says. Then he sunk beck in his seat, and I thought 'e was gone off ter sleep. 'Arrever, I went hup torp ter speak ter Bill, and blest if 'e didn't climb hup arter me — goodness knows 'ow 'e did it, but 'e did.

'I warnted to tell you, Mr. Cornducter,' says 'e, 'if ever you goes ter Madim Tersord's nort ter come away agin. It's the gritest—gritest mistake in life.'

'That's all right,' I says cheerful. 'You set still and cool your crumpet.'

'Arrever, 'e went on, 'I come awye from



Madim Tersord's, and I took a lil' walk, an' I 'ad a lil' drink. Then you caught me by the arm-'ole and dragged me onter this bloomin' 'bus; an' whart I warnt ter know is, whart'm I doin' on a 'bus?'

'Set still,' I says agin; 'you're right. You're goin' 'ome. Where der yer live?'

'E says, 'Der you know 'oo I am?'

'No,' says I.

'Well,' says 'e, 'I'm a escaped waxwuk.'

'But wheer der yer live?' says I.

'Madim Tersord's,' says 'e. 'Reg'ler ole runaway waxwuk, I am!'

'Then,' I says, nort wantin' the responsibility of 'im, 'you're on the wrong 'bus.' So we pulls up, and I persuades 'im to get orf. Theer were a copper standin' on the kerb, and I pints 'im art ter the ole gen'lemun an' tells 'im ter be keerful. 'You don't want no trouble with coppers?' I says.

'Tha'sh all ri',' 'e says; 'that copper's my ole familyer friend from Madim Tersord's—just another pore escaped waxwuk li' myself.' With thet 'e goes slick up ter the copper an' lets drive at 'im with 'is umberreller jes below the belt, a-hollerin' art, ''Ow's yer sawdust?' Then 'e stawts off ter run. Fur an old gen'lemun, an' one in 'is corndition, 'e run sutthink wunnerful. Thet copper didn't sim ter 'arf like it. It amoosed me, though.

I likes ter see mye 'bus full up—no man more so—but I do wish as those gents as gits theirselves into a stite when they ought ter be took 'ome in kebs 'ud 'ave 'emselves took 'ome in kebs. Fur on a 'bus they're nutthink short of

a noosance. It was on'y the other night as one of 'em come a-lurchin' an' a-staggerin' hup ter me, set down on the step o' the 'bus, and says, 'Yer go ter Wes' Kensingting?'

'No,' I says, 'we don't, and yer git horf o' that step.'

'Ho,' says 'e, 'then as yer do go ter Wes' Kensingting, I'll climb up.'

'I tell yer we don't,' I says agin. But theer, 'e wouldn't tike no notice o' me, pushes pawst, goes up the steps—like ter break 'is neck all the time—drops 'isself darn in a seat, an' goes horf ter sleep like a child in its mother's harms with 'is 'at on crooked and a pipe 'anging art o' one corner of his marth. Presently I wikes 'im up. 'Nar then,' says I.

''Ow much ter Wes' Kensingting?' 'e says, still 'alf-asleep.

'I tell yer agin,' I says, 'we don't go theer, nor nowhere near it.'

'Ho,' says 'e, as if 'e were thinkin' very deep ter 'isself, 'then 'ow much would it be if you *was* ter go ter Wes' Kensingting?'

'Oh, blimey!' says I, 'cawn't yer hunner-

stand Hinglish? We don't go theer, and we never do go theer. Whart yer want to do is to git horf o' this 'bus.'

'No, I don't,' says 'e, 'I wants ter go ter Wes' Kensingting. Give us twopennorth.' With that 'e 'olds art 'is two coppers. Well, whart was I ter do? It warn't no good my speakin'. I punched a ticket fur 'im, an' let 'im be. As I was goin' awye 'e calls arter me, 'You'll stop the 'bus when we gits ter Wes' Kensingting?'

I didn't awnser 'im, bein' clean art o' pychunce. 'Arrever, the 'bus goes on, and arter a bit 'is twopennuth runs art. 'E comes staggerin' darn the steps, and I stops the 'bus fur 'im. 'Mind yer,' I says, 'this ain't Wes' Kensingting,' just by wye of a warnin' like.

'Then I'll compline of yer fur fraud,' says 'e. 'Wheer's a perleeceman?' Horf 'e goes, bangs inter a lamp-post, and sets darn in the road smilin'. We leaves 'im theer.

Oh, it's a trile, 'avin' ter do with that kind o' man! I've mide it a simple roole nar, that

if a man's too bad ter understand Hinglish 'e's too bad ter ride on my 'bus. Yer must draw the line somewheer. But I've horftun wondered ter myself whort 'appened ter that gent—whether 'e ever gort 'ome to Wes' Kensingting, and if 'e did whart they said to 'im when 'e come. It's these 'ere 'ollerdies an' festivuls as plyes the dickens with folks. Arter a Chris'mus-dye, or Hash Wensd'y, or Heaster, we gin'rally gits a sample or two o' thet kind. 'Ow few theer is as 'as the blessed gift of joodishusness! But enough of a sad subjic'.

AT HOME

AT HOME

THEER is people as comes ter my 'ouse, as in my opinion 'asn't got no business ter come ter my 'ouse. I don't want 'em, and I 'on't 'ave 'em, and if they keeps on comin' the wye they've bin keepin' on, some of 'em 'ull get hurt. Wheer theer's business, I don' mind. The milkman an' the postman, an' even the man fur the rent can come an' welcome. But them chaps as wornts yer ter buy a sewin' machine, or a bottle o' furnicher polish, or insure yer life, they're the noosance as I cawn't stand. Hup they comes as bold as braws, an' rings my bell as free as if they'd bought and pide fur it. One night I'd come off early and gone ter bed early. At a quarter pawst ten that bell rung. I wouldn't stir at fust, but it kep' on ringin', an' at lawst I went darn. Theer on the step were a man lookin' as if he 'adn't done nutthink ter be ashimed of.

'You'll egscuse me,' 'e said, 'but I didn't know whether you might 'ave a yoose fur a merlaccer kine walkin'-stick.'

'In a gineral wye,' I replies, 'I find as I kin git off ter sleep o' nights withart one—thenkin' yer kindly fur ringin' me up ter engquire.'

'Well,' 'e says, 'they're benkrupt stock, an' goin' at 'awf-cost. It's a 'andy thing ter 'ave in the 'ouse.'

'Thenk you,' says I, 'I think I kin manidge you withart a stick. Just wite 'awf-a-minnit while I slip on my boots.'

'E didn't wite.

You'd 'ave thought nar as the tride in merlaccer walkin'-sticks darn a street like mine weren't surficient ter mike it wurth a man's while ter go rarnd with 'em. But sometimes I 'as my darts whether they even warnts ter sell anythink—whether they doesn't just come rarnd fur aggerivition an' nutthink else. Why, theer was one chap, in a frock coat an' a top-'at, an' 'e come an' awst me if I cud speer 'im a donition fur 'is cottidge 'ome, which were doin' a good wuk! 'Ah!' I says, 'they've put yer

wrong. This ain't Belgrive Squeer. It's a longish wye from 'ere, but yer cawn't miss it. Any perleeceman 'ull tell yer.'

'My good friend,' 'e says, 'it is not ter the rich an' the 'igh-born that I wud go. Is it not well said that the pore 'elp the pore?'

'Ay,' I says, 'they do. Thet's why they 'asn't nutthink left fur stryngers with top-'ats an' cottidge 'omes.'

So 'e shut 'is little accarnt-book, an' moved off ter diddle someone else.

Another time, the missus was art, an' I awnsered the door ter a smawt-lookin', pushin' sort o' little chep; 'e begun at once,—

'I dunno, sir, whort tea you are in the 'abit o' yoosin', but I 'ave 'ere—'

'Theer,' I said, 'git art!' an' shut the door in 'is fice.

I 'adn't gort 'awf-wye darn the passidge afore that bell went agen. 'All right, my beauty,' thinks I, 'you're jest a little bit too pushin' with that tea of yours. You wants coolin' darn a bit.' So I slips upsteers ter the winder

over the door, and empties a jug of water on 'im.

Only it wasn't 'im. 'E'd gone on. It was the missus come back from shoppin', and 'ad furgot 'er key.

Well, she's a good-tempered woman. Still, it 'ad to be a new bornet afore she cud see the fun o' the thing as well as I cud.

. . . . . .

If it comes ter thet, yer don't allus find it a perticlar treat ter 'ave people in the 'ouse whart yer've awst theer yerself. Fur instance, my missus 'as 'er niece storpin' with us. It was a contra accarnt business, the niece's parints 'avin' 'ad the missus darn inter the country when she were bad. Well, the missus said as Hagnes were a narce, bright gal.

Bright? Well, I shud think so. Thet's wheer the trouble lies. She's gort a lot o' them tricks an' riddles an' ketches. As long as she can awst yer the diff'runce betwixt a cow an' a caterpiller, an' things o' thet kind, she's 'appy. She don' sim ter understand thet, though yer

don' know the awnser ter such bloomin' foolishness, it don' foller as yer wornts ter know it. I comes 'ome pretty nigh beat, awter a 'awd dye's wuk, an' she gits arter me at once. She tells me ter think of a number, an' 'alve it, an' sustract it, an' plye the fool with it gin'rally, an' then she tells me whort were the number I thought of. I dessay it's all very clever, but thet ain't the pint. I don' wornt ter think of a number, nor ter 'alve it, nor ter 'ave nutthink ter do with it. Whort I wornts is ter set in a comfortable cheer, tike my glawss an' my pipe, an' then go ter bed. I don' wornt ter think o' nutthink. I tried ter egspline thet to 'er, but she's a differcult one ter storp. She is so bloomin' bright. She says, ' Well, if yer don't like riddles, I'll show yer some tricks with a bit o' string.' An' she did, too. I'm more sorry fur the missus nor I am fur myself; I gits awye ter my wuk ev'ry dye, an' thet's a bit of a rest, but she's gort this gel allus there, an' allus at it. Sometimes it 'ull be tricks with matches. Hagnes arringes 'em on the tible, an' yer 'as ter tike awye six an' leave a puffick squeer;



I've seed the missus spend nigh a hower over thet silliness. Oh, mikes me lose pyshunce, it do! Whort's the yoose of string in the world? Ter tie up pawcils, or ter ac' as a boot-lice, or brices in the kise of a emergency. Sim'larly with loocifers. They was sent inter the world ter light pipes. Yer don' wornt ter yoose 'em fur tricks, arringin' of 'em in puffick squeers an' tikin' awye the number yer fust thought of, an' so on. It ain't amoosin'. Thet's the wust pawt of it—anyone as does them tricks allus believes as they is amoosin', an' cawn't be shook art of it. It's amoosements like them as sends men art on the hitiddly, instead o' tikin'

their money 'ome. I shud be druv ter spendin' my hevenin's at the public myself if thet gel Hagnes was ter storp much longer. But she goes back 'ome ter-morrer, thank goodness! Why, it were only ter-night as I come in, she met me an' says, 'I've gort a new riddle fer yer:

'"Mothers an' fawthers 'ave I none,
But this man's sister was my brother's son."'

I repeats it from mem'ry, but it was wuds ter thet effec'. Thet's a narce sort o' thing ter 'ave meetin' yer when yer come 'ome tired. A little more on it, an' I'd be in a loonytic asylim.

I tell 'er she ought ter marry a chap by the nime o' Jeckson as wuks in the yawd. Them two wud just abart soot each other. Ter do 'im justice, 'e's a sober, steady sort, an' don't mean no 'awm either, but, all the sime, 'e's bin drivin' some on us feerly mad litely. Yer see, 'e's a fearful grite reader, is Jeckson. 'E goes an' sets in thet public readin'-room, an' improves 'is mind ter a egstent as you'd find it 'awd ter berlieve. Then 'e tikes in two pipers

ev'ry week on 'is own, and thet improves 'im some more. 'E's thet chuck full o' interestin' and amoosin' fac's an' infurmition, thet yer cawn't listen ter 'im withart goin' ter sleep, or else losin' yer temper. T'other dye, 'e ups and says ter me: 'I sye, der yer know 'ow many suvrings it tikes ter reach from the earth to the moon?'

'Garn, Jeckson,' I says, 'yer don't tike me in with none o' them ole cops.'

'S'help me,' says 'e, 'it ain't no cop. It's a solim' fac', done art by a sum in 'rithmetic, as I seed in a paper yesterday.'

'Well,' I says, 'I don' know, an' don' wornt.'

'Why,' says 'e, 'it's rawther a yooseful bit o' infurmition, thet is.'

'No, it ain't,' says I. 'If yer cud tell me 'ow ter mike the price o' my dinner withart wukkin' fur it, thet might be yooseful, but they don't put sich things in the pipers.' No more they don't neither, an' I wishes they did. So orf 'e went ter see if 'e couldn't find somebody else civil enough or soft enough ter

pretend ter warnt ter listen ter 'is mouldy arithmetic.

Then we 'ad 'im agen in the evenin'. 'E come art from the free library, thet man Jeckson did, thet bustin' with fac's, and figgers, 'e couldn't contine 'isself. 'E run acrorst me an' Ike, 'avin' of ar awf-pint in peace an' quietness, an' 'e froze 'isself on.

'Well,' says Jeckson, 'talkin' of heggs—'

'Ere Ike struck in. 'We wasn't talkin' of heggs.'

'No,' says Jeckson, 'whort I meant was, surposin' as you 'ad bin talkin' of heggs, 'ow many heggs do yer surpose as a femile frog lyes in the course of a year?'

'Aw yer referrin',' says Ike, speakin' sarcawstic-like (which 'e 'as a talint fur), 'ter the fresh breakfasters or ter the middlin' cookers, an' no guarantee given?'

'I wos speakin',' said Jeckson, rawther 'urt, 'of the femile frog.'

'Then yer ken shut it,' says I, 'until the femile frog tikes ter lyin' sutthink as comes within the speer of practical pollertics.' Well,

then we thought we 'ad feerly dried 'im up. But, bless yer, afore 'awf a minnit, 'e'd stawtid agen.

'I sye,' 'e says ter Ike, 'surposin' I took this penny, an' dropped it inter yer glawss o' beer; it 'ud sink ter the bottom. Thet's whort 'ud 'appen, isn't it?'

'Yuss,' says Ike, 'thet's one o' the things as 'ud 'appen. Another thing is as I shud punch yer fat 'ead off at the root, and kick yer darn the street till yer couldn't see art of yer eyes, fur tikin' of a lib with my liquor. So don't yer try it on.'

'I wasn't goin' ter try it on,' says Jeckson. 'Hall I warnted ter do was ter pint art thet yer know the penny 'ud sink in the glawss o' beer, but yer don't know the proper scientific reasing *why* it 'ud sink.'

'Nor I don't warnt to,' says Ike. 'I says as a man who drops a penny inter a glawss o' bitter is a blimed fool, and thet's all I warnt ter know. 'E might 'ave a proper scientific reasing, or 'e might not, but 'e'd 'ave no chawnce o' givin' it—nort if it were my beer.'

'Look 'ere,' says Jeckson, 'if you'd jest let me exspline—' But we wouldn't. We jest took 'im an' threw 'im art.

An' next mornin' 'e turned up as fresh as ever, and awst me if I knowed why it was as bats flew by night instead of in the dye-time. I tell yer, it's gettin' serus. Them pipers as publishes hitems of yooseful infurmition ought ter be prosecooted. Sittin' quiet an' thinkin' abart nutthink sims ter me ter be a lost hart.

Yuss, Jeckson an' my missus's niece wud jest abart mike a pair. I berlieves in a simerlarity o' tystes. And I acted on my berlief, fur I likes quiet and so do my ole Dutch. We don't 'ave no rows—no, not even over the cat, though theer we differs.

I never 'ad no fancy fur cats. I ain't set aginst 'em, sime as some is. I've knowed men as 'ud sweat and go as white as a lump o' chalk if they 'ad a cat in the room with 'em. I ain't like thet, but still I don't keer fur the beasts. They is a lizy, greedy, 'eartless, mischeevus lot, is cats. And the row as they kicks up when theer art on the hi-tiddly-hi of nights, it ain't

'uman. But, 'arrever, my old gel said we'd mice in the 'ouse, and traps was no use, and she'd 'ad the hoffer of a tom-cat. 'Well,' I says, 'yer can 'ave 'im, if yer likes, as long as 'e's a tom, and yer keep 'im art o' my wye.'

So she gort thet cat, and afore long she gort reg'lar fond of 'im, sime as women will. ''E is a 'andsome cat,' she remawks ter me one night.

'Very likely,' says I.

''E's gort thet small 'ead as all tom-cats 'ave, and follers me abart, sime as if 'e were a dorg.'

''As 'e done fur them mice yet?' says I.

'Well,' says she, ''e's new ter the plice, but I don't dart as 'e'll stawt on 'em soon.' But 'e never did.

I dunno why it was. Per'aps it were liziness. 'E'd gort more food nor 'e cud eat, as it was; kep' like a Chrischun, 'e were, and 'e didn't see why 'e shud go a-bustin' of 'isself arter mice. Any'ow, I'd come in and sye, ''As Jim caught any o' them bloomin' mice yet?' And the answer were allus the sime: 'I ain't

seed 'im catch none, but 'e mye 'ave done. Jim ain't a cat as does things fur show.'

Well, arter a time thet irritated me, and I said, 'Look 'ere, nar, we 'ad that cat fur the mice; if 'e don't kill 'em, it's artside fur 'im, and strite—that's whart it is.' But, theer, my missus wouldn't 'ear of it. She'd rigged up a kind o' bawskit fur 'im, so as 'e cud sleep by the kitching fire, sime as if 'e'd bin the Prince o' Wiles, and mide a reg'lar pet of 'im. She wouldn't 'ear of 'is goin'—said it 'ud brike 'er 'eart if she pawted with 'im. Whart one cat eat made no diff'runce, and theer were no licence ter pye, as if 'e'd bin a dorg, and the likeli'ood was as 'e'd kep' the mice awye, even if 'e didn't ketch 'em. Thet was 'ow she put it, and she said as I ought ter be ashimed o' myself fur talkin' o' turnin' the pore creechur art o' doors. 'Ho, very well,' says I, ' 'ave it your own wye.'

And so she did, until one night, when I gort 'ome, she said, 'I'm afride as Jim's disgriced 'isself.'

'Whart's 'e done?' says I.

'E's 'ad kittens,' says she. 'They're the prettiest little things as ever you seed; can't yer come and look at 'em?'

'Whart for?' I asks.

'Ter see which of 'em yer wornt ter keep.'

'Yes, that were it.' I bruk inter a bitter lawf; so bloomin' likely I were goin' ter turn my 'ouse inter a lyin'-in 'orspital fur frauderlunt tom-cats as turned art ter be shes, and then pervide for their orfspring! No, thank yer. Them kittens 'as bin disposed of, but we still 'as Jim, and the missus still speaks of 'im as if 'e were a tom, though to my mind thet's wore a bit thin.

She's a good sort, yer know, is my missus, but I don't know as I can clime all the credit fur pickin' 'er. Pawtly judgment, per'aps, but also pawtly luck. Thet mostly comes in one wye or another, as it did in the kise o' two brothers as I knowed. Bill allus 'ad the best luck that's mide—couldn't do nutthink wrong—if 'e put a shillin' on an artsider, that 'orse wun—if anybody dropped a 'alf-thick-un on 'Ampstid 'Eath, and Bill walked acrorst it a

week arterwards, 'e farnd thet 'alf-thick-un. Jim, contreriwise, never 'ad no luck at all, couldn't do nutthink right. Well, they was both on 'em arter the sime gal—Jine her nime was. It were all done in a frien'ly sort o' wye, and they agreed ter leave it ter the gal ter settle it. In course, she picked Bill. Jim, 'e took it pretty easy. 'It's Bill's luck,' he said, 'and theer's no stannin' aginst it.' Bill was as pleased as Punch, and a fortnit arter 'e merried the gal, an' they went off ter Mawgit. I met 'im when 'e came back from 'is 'oney-moon.

''Ullo, Bill!' I says, ''Ow are yer goin' on?'

'Oh, narcely!' says 'e, but 'e didn't look it.

'So nar you're a merried man,' says I.

'That is so,' says 'e, but nort with no enthoosiasm.

'I understan's,' says I, 'as Jim were arter the sime gal, but yer cut 'im art. You 'as your luck, Bill.'

'Yuss,' says 'e, 'but, speakin' in cornfidence, I wish to 'Eaven I'd 'ad Jim's.'

Ah, she were a wrong un—a reg'lar right-

darn wrong un! I sometimes think ter myself that a man don't 'ave exper'unce enough nor knowlidge enough ter choose a wife fur 'isself, or buy a 'orse, until 'e's too old fur anythink egsep' dyin'. I'm a joodishus man myself, but I don't mind ownin' that it was more through luck nor joodishusness as I struck it right.



UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED, THE GRESHAM PRESS, WOKING AND LONDON

WHAT IS PELMANISM?

"I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but—"

Some Doubts Dispelled

THE very prominence which Pelmanism has attained during recent years forms the basis of a doubt which exists in the minds of many people. A business girl said to me only the other day, "I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but it's so much advertised that I wonder whether there is not a certain amount of quackery about it."

The association of extensive advertising with quackery is a relic of long years ago, but it is strange how it persists. I was rather surprised, nevertheless, to hear this business woman express the doubt, for she is a marked success in her sphere of work, with a keen, analytical mind.

Inquiry revealed the fact that she had read only one or two of the Pelman announcements closely, though she had glanced in a half-interested way at scores of them. I then divulged that I was a Pelmanist, and immediately a regular machine-gun fire of questions was opened upon me. Was there anything in Pelmanism? Was it free from quackery?

Is the Case Overstated?

Did not the advertisements overstate the case? Wasn't the most made of the successes attained by a few students, while the many secured no benefit worth speaking of? To all of which I replied by two further questions: Was it conceivable that over 400,000 people would voluntarily adopt Pelmanism unless they were convinced that they would gain in some way from the study? Would so many of the leaders of thought, including prominent educationists, influential business men, and well-known authors and editors, publicly state their unbounded faith in Pelmanism if it were not capable of withstanding the most searching investigation?

Trebled My Income.

These broadsides took instant effect, and I followed up my advantage by mentioning some of the results Pelmanism had achieved in my own case: vast improvement in memory; keener perceptions; realisation of dormant possibilities; consciousness of greater power; appreciation of the beauties of poetry; easier concentration. I reserved for my final shots the two most practical outcomes of my Pelmanistic studies.

The first of these had a telling effect, for this would-be Pelmanist was full of ambitious plans in business. I told her that during the past two years my earnings had more than trebled, in spite of many difficulties and setbacks, and that to Pelmanism was due the major part of the credit for this financial improvement. The other result was the consummation of an ambitious plan which I had often contemplated, but which, until I had become a Pelmanist, I honestly believed to be something unattainable.

This conversation suggested to me that others are probably deterred from taking up Pelmanism by a variety of "buts," each of which could be disposed of in a minute or two if only it were possible to meet the doubters face to face.

For instance, at various times friends of mine have said: "But I'm not enough of a student to tackle Pelmanism. I could never sit and pore over books and lessons, even if I could find the time." Here we have a dual objection: (1) Pelmanism is thought to be hard to study, and (2) no time can be found for it. Let us deal with the second part of this objection first.

The Pelman Course requires from thirty to sixty minutes daily for a period of about three or four months. Many of the exercises can be practised at odd moments—when walking through the streets, while waiting in a friend's office or home, during train or bus rides, and so on. Other parts of the study can be done at home or at the office without seriously encroaching on one's time for other matters. The main fact to be borne in mind is that all of us can find or make time to do these things which really interest us. And Pelmanism is one of those things. Which brings me to the first part of the objection we are rebutting. Pelmanism is as unlike ordinary formal studies as anything can well be.

The very first lesson reveals the fascination of Pelmanism, and this fascination becomes intensified with each succeeding "little grey book." Of course, you cannot get the most out of Pelmanism unless you are prepared to follow the training closely. But any Pelmanist will tell you that there is no difficulty in doing this. Pelmanism itself provides whatever incentive may be needed by those who by nature are disinclined to apply themselves to study.

Brain Power.

A frequent contention of the anti-Pelmanists (for there are people who, without knowing what Pelmanism is, are opposed to it) is that it is impossible to make brains grow where none exist. By which they apparently mean that Pelmanism will not make wise men of dullards. Let me say that, so far as I know, the Pelman Institute has never claimed to be able to perform miracles, though tens of thousands of its members would unhesitatingly declare it had done so in their cases. An ordinary school education is the only foundation necessary to enable any woman or man to become a successful Pelmanist.

In fact, it might be said with a great deal of truth that Pelmanism can be of far more benefit to those of comparatively few scholastic attainments than to those who have been endowed with a more liberal education. To be deterred from taking up Pelmanism

because it is thought that only "brainy" people can make profitable use of it is to allow oneself to be influenced by an inaccurate or incomplete idea of what Pelmanism is and does.

Eminent Men on Pelmanism.

On another occasion I was told that Pelmanism was chiefly a matter of very clever advertising, and that the merits of the system existed almost entirely in the imagination of the man responsible for the Pelman announcements. This critic, however, could not explain how it was that men of the calibre of Admiral Lord Beresford, General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll, Sir H. Rider Haggard, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Max Pemberton, and many others came to write such glowing tributes to this Course in Mind and Memory Training.

He agreed that their testimony was unimpeachable, and admitted (rather reluctantly, I thought) that perhaps there was more in Pelmanism than he had supposed. It is the declared opinion of hundreds of Pelmanists that the announcements of the Institute err distinctly on the side of moderation. Although the advertisements tell nothing but the truth, they do not tell all the truth, on the principle, I take it, that enough is as good as a feast.

Then there's the man who says: "Yes, Pelmanism is no doubt all right for the brain-worker or student, but I'm a mechanic"—or a farmer, a grocer, a policeman, a telegraphist, a rate collector, as the case may be. Just because some people reach much greater success than others in these vocations is proof that there is scope for keen workers in these and similar fields.

Pelmanism for Industrial Workers.

A Pelman-trained mind will show the industrial worker, for instance, in which direction advancement lies, and what steps to take to attain the goal towards which he is striving.

Thousands of letters from Pelmanists have been published at various times, demonstrating in unmistakable manner the great benefit which anyone can derive from the Course. A coalminer declares Pelmanism to be very useful to him in his work; a munition worker gives Pelmanism direct credit for his ability to design a patent pile; a Manchester bleacher says he never spent money to better advantage than on the Course. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The man or woman who hesitates to adopt Pelmanism through a mistaken notion that it is useful only to the business and professional classes is neglecting the supreme opportunity of his or her life.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader who applies to The Pelman Institute, D, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.